The Lost World:
Jurassic Park

screenplay by

David Koepp

based on the novel by

Michael Crichton

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1 EXT TROPICAL LAGOON DAY

A 135 foot luxury yacht is anchored just offshore in a tropical lagoon. The beach is a stunning crescent of sand at the jungle fringe, utterly deserted.

ISLA SORNA
87 miles southwest of Nublar

Two SHIP HANDS, dressed in white uniforms, have set up a picnic table with three chairs on the sand and are carefully laying out luncheon service - - fine china, silver, crystal descanters with red and white wine.

PAUL BOWMAN, fortyish, sits in a chair off to the side, reading. MRS. BOWMAN, painfully thin, with the perpetually surprised look of a woman who's had her eyes done more than once, supervises the setting of the table.

She looks up and sees a little girl, CATHY, seven or eight years old, wandering off down the beach.

MRS. BOWMAN
Cathy! Don't wander off!

Cathy keeps wandering.

MRS. BOWMAN (cont'd)
Come back! You can look for shells right here!

Cathy gestures, pretending she can't hear.

BOWMAN
(eyes still in his book)
Leave her alone.

MRS. BOWMAN
What about snakes?

BOWMAN
There's no snakes on the beach. Let her have fun, for once.

2 FURTHER DOWN THE BEACH,

Cathy keeps wandering away, MUTTERING to herself as her parents' quarreling voices fade in the distance.

CATHY
Please be quiet, please be quiet, please be quiet . . .

Rounding a curve in the beach, her parents disappear from view behind her. A RUSTLING sound draws her attention, and she turns, toward where the thick jungle foliage gives way to the sand.

A large bush, maybe twelve feet tall, is moving, its branches swaying and shaking. Curious, Cathy walks up to the bush, which abruptly stops moving.

A small, lizard-like animal, dark green with brown stripes along its back, steps out from the bush. Only about a foot tall, it stands on its hind legs, balancing on its thick tail. It walks upright, bobbing its head like a chicken.

CATHY
Well, hello there!

The animal (a COMPSOGNATHUS) just stares at her. Cathy squats down on her haunches.

CATHY (cont'd)
What are you? A little bird or something?

She opens her hand. She's got a handful of goldfish crackers.

CATHY (cont'd)
Are you hungry? You want a goldfish?

The compy bobs forward a few steps, cautiously.

CATHY (cont'd)
Come on. I won't hurt you.

The compy draws closer. Cathy holds the cracker in the palm of her hand. The compy gets closer still - -

- - and hops nimbly up onto Cathy's palm. Her arm dips a bit under the weight, but it's not that heavy, and she holds it up easily. It bobs its head and scarfs up the goldfish.

Enchanted, Cathy breaks into an enormous grin and turns her head, calling back over her shoulder.

CATHY (cont'd)
Mom! Dad! You gotta come see this!
I found something!

She turns back.

Thirty more compys have come out onto the sand. They're standing there, bobbing anxiously, staring at her from a few feet away. Cathy's smiles fades.

She turns her head slowly to the right. TWENTY MORE COMPYS have come in from that side, forming a semi-circle, bobbing and CHIRPING as they surround her.

CATHY (cont'd)
Wh-what do you guys want?

3 BACK ON THE BEACH,

the table is set. Mrs. Bowman calls out.

MRS. BOWMAN
Cathy, sweetheart! Lunch is ready!

From around the curve of the beach, a flock of birds bolts from the jungle trees as Cathy's shrill SCREAMS suddenly pierce the air.

MRS. BOWMAN
PAUL!

She takes off, running down the beach, MR. BOWMAN leaps out of his chair and follows, and all available deck hands race off to help, kicking up geysers of sand behind them.

4 DOWN THE BEACH,

Mrs. Bowman stops dead in her tracks when she rounds the bend in the beach. We don't see what she sees, only hear the frenzied SQUEAKING of the strange compys. Mr. Bowman and the Hands race past her to help Cathy as Mrs. Bowman lets loose a horrified, slack-jawed SCREAM, her mouth a perfect oval.

DISSOLVE TO:

5 INT BOARD ROOM DAY

Mrs. Bowman's screaming face dissolves slowly over the yawning face of a board CORPORATE EXECUTIVE. TWENTY OTHER EXECUTIVES sit around a conference table in the boardroom of a monied corporation. All are in expensive suits, most are over sixty. There are a few BACKBENCHERS too, lawyers and support staff. Empty coffee cups and fast food containers on the table hint that everyone's been here for a long time.

Outside large plate glass windows, the skyline of downtown San Diego is visible, rising up over the ocean, which glitters in the Southern California sunlight.

A familiar VOICE resounds as we move down the long table, past the grim faces of the Board Members.

VOICE (o.s.)
The hurricane seemed like a disaster
at the time, but now I think about it was a blessing, nature's way of freeing those

animals from their human
confines. Of giving them another chance to survive, but this time as they were meant to without man's interference.

The source of the voice is JOHN HAMMOND, the founder of InGen and creator of Jurassic Park. But he's not in the room. His image is on a closed circuit TV screen, which has been wheeled up to the end of the table.

And he doesn't look good. He's terribly infirmed, propped up in bed, his face pale and drawn, medical equipment BEEPING around him.

HAMMOND (cont'd)
There are some corporate issues that are not about the bottom line. We have so much still to learn about those creatures. A whole world of intricate, interlocking behaviors, vanished everywhere - - except for Site B. Please. Let's not do what is good for some men at the expense of what is best for all mankind.

A SENIOR BOARD MEMBER, seventyish, nods to the television.

SENIOR BOARD MEMBER
Thank you, John. Mr. Ludlow?

He turns to PETER LUDLOW, late thirties, a man with the anxious look of someone on those desk the buck stops. Ludlow flips open a file, pulls out a stack of black and white eight by tens, and tosses them on the table.

We don't see the pictures, only the wincing faces of the Board Members as they pass them around.

LUDLOW
These pictures were taken in a hospital in Costa Rica forty-eight hours ago, after an American family on a yacht cruise stumbled onto Site B. The little girl will be fine. Her parents, however, are wealthy, angry, and very fond of lawsuits. But that's hardly new to us.
(takes a paper from the file)
Wrongful death settlements, partial list: family of Donald Gennaro, 36.5 million dollars; family of John Arnold, 23 million; family of Robert Muldoon, 12.6 million. Damaged or destroyed equipment, 17.3 million. Demolition, de-construction, and disposal of Isla Nublar facilities, organic and inorganic, one hundred and twenty-six million dollars. The list goes on - research funding, media payoffs. Silence is expensive.

He’s warming up. Not a bad performer.

LUDLOW (cont’d)
This corporation has been bleeding from the throat for four years. You have sat patiently and listened to ecology lectures while Mr. Hammond signed your checks and spent your money. You have watched your stock drop from seventy-eight and a quarter to nineteen flat with no good end in sight. And all along, we have held a significant product asset that we have attempted to hide, at great expense, when we could have safely harvested and displayed it for profit. Enormous profit.

He reaches out to a model on the table and gives it a shove, sending it sliding down the length of the table in front of them. It’s a modern amphitheatre, with rows of cages built into the raked area under the seats. In the display area, there are tiny replicas of various kinds of dinosaurs; in the stands, Boy Scout troops and Tourists look in wonder.

LUDLOW (cont’d)
You don’t send people halfway around the world to a zoo, you bring the zoo to them. And this city is the prefect setting. People already associate San Diego with animal attractions - - Sea World, the San Diego Zoo. Mr. Hammond knew that, he started construction on the amphitheater - -
(gestures, to the model)
- - right here, in the InGen waterfront complex, but he abandoned it in favor of something far grander and, ultimately, impossible. And so the facility sits unused, unfinished, when it could be completed and ready to receive visitors in two to four weeks. Gentlemen, this could generate enough income to wipe out four years of lawsuits and damage control and unpleasant infighting. And the one thing, the only thing standing between us and this windfall is a born-again naturalist who happens to be our own CEO. Believe me, I do not enjoy having to say these things about my own uncle. But I don’t work for Mother Nature. I work for you.

Two of his Backbenchers distribute documents from a stack. Ludlow takes one and reads from it.

LUDLOW (cont'd)
"Whereas the Chief Executive Officer has engaged in wasteful and negligent business practices to further his own personal environmental beliefs - -
Whereas these practices have affected the financial performance of the company by incurring significant losses - -
Whereas the shareholders have been materially harmed by theses losses - -
Thereby, be it resolved that John Parker Hammond should be removed from the office of Chief Executive Officer, effective immediately." I move the resolution be put to a vote. Do I have a second?

BOARD MEMBER 2
I second the motion. Mr. Maguire, please poll the members by a show of hands.

The Senior Board Member sighs heavily, feeling like a traitor. He can't bear to look at Hammond on the TV monitor.

SENIOR BOARD MEMBER
All those in favor of InGen Corporate Resolution 213C, please signify your approval by raising your right hand.

It starts slowly, guiltily, but every hand in the room goes up. Ludlow sits back, victorious. Hammond, furious, raises his right hand, which holds a remote control, and points it at the TV screen. It goes blank.

6 INT NEW YORK SUBWAY NIGHT

A subway THUNDERS into a station underneath Manhattan. The doors WHOOSH open, spit out some COMMUTERS and suck up a few more. A tall man hurries down the platform, slowed by a limp. The subway doors begin to close, but just before they meet - -

- - the man jams a cane in between, stopping them. The man is IAN MALCOLM, fortyish, dressed in black from head to toe. There's a hard wisdom in Malcolm's eyes that may not have been there a few years ago. He knows that you think, and he doesn't care.

7 INT SUBWAY CAR NIGHT

MALCOLM finds a seat on the crowded subway car and sits down. He looks awful. Tired. Weathered. He notices a CURIOUS MAN across from him staring at him. Nervy, the Curious Man gets up and approaches.

MALCOLM
(under his breath)
Shit.

The Curious Man sits down next to Malcolm, grinning.

MAN
You're him, aren't you?

MALCOLM
Excuse me?

MAN
The guy. The scientist. I saw you on TV.
(conspiratorially)
I believed you.

No response from Malcolm. The guy leans in even closer.

MAN
Roooooarrr.

Malcolm gets up and moves to another seat on the car, away from the Curious Man. As he sits down, he notices two other COMMUTERS across from him are staring at him, that special look reserved for those involved in some kind of scandal.

Malcolm looks at them. They look away. He pulls the collar of his coat up tight around him.

8 INT HAMMOND's APARTMENT - FOYER NIGHT

MALCOLM stands in the foyer of an expensively decorated Park Avenue apartment. A UNIFORMED BUTLER faces him.

BUTLER
Whom shall I tell Mr. Hammond is calling?

MALCOLM
Ian Malcolm.

As the Butler turns to go down the hall, PETER LUDLOW walks out of the same hall, carrying a sheaf of papers. He sees Malcolm and hesitates, then smiles tightly. They know and dislike each other.

LUDLOW
Well, Dr. Malcolm. Here to tell a few campfire stories with my uncle?

MALCOLM
Do me a favor, Ludlow. Don't ever pretend you and I don't know the truth. You can convince Time magazine and the Skeptical Inquirer of whatever you want, but I was there. I know what happened.

LUDLOW
You're lucky we didn't sue you. You signed a non-disclosure agreement before you went to the island that expressly forbid you from discussing anything you saw. You violated that

agreement.

MALCOLM
And you lied. Do you have any idea how you quick to condemn the academic world is? You cost me my livelihood. My reputation.

LUDLOW
As I understand it, your university revoked your tenure for selling wild stories to the press, I hardly see how that's my -

MALCOLM
I didn't sell anything, I told the truth.

LUDLOW
Your version of it.

MALCOLM
There are no versions of the truth. This isn't a corporate maneuver, I'm talking about my life.

LUDLOW
We made a generous compensatory offer for your injuries.

MALCOLM
It was a payoff and an insult. InGen never-

LUDLOW
InGen is my livelihood, Dr. Malcolm, and I will jealously defend its interests. In a few weeks - -
(he stops himself)
- - it'll all be moot. And your problems will long forgotten.

He starts to walk out, but Malcolm catches him by the arm

MALCOLM
Not by me.

CUT TO:

9 INT HAMMOND'S BEDROOM NIGHT

MALCOLM enters a darkened bedroom. JOHN HAMMOND lies in the bed we saw earlier, on the other side of the room. Medical equipment has been disguised as well possible among the furniture and flowers, but the sheer abundance of it tells us that whatever has stricken him is going to win this battle.

HAMMOND
Ian! Don't linger in the doorway like an ingenue, come in, come in!

Malcolm steps further into the room.

HAMMOND (cont'd)
It's good o see you, it really is. How's the leg?

MALCOLM
Resentful.

HAMMOND
When you have a lot of time to think, it's funny who you remember. It's the people who challenged you. It's the quality of our opponents that gives our accomplishments meaning. I never told you how sorry I was about what happened after we returned.

Noticing Hammond's deteriorated condition, Malcolm finds it hard to sustain anger.

MALCOLM
I didn't know you - - weren't well.

HAMMOND
It's the lawyers. The lawyers are finally killing me.

MALCOLM
They do have motive. Why did you want to see me? Your message said it was urgent.

HAMMOND
You were right - - and I was wrong. There! Did you ever think you'd hear me say that? Spectacularly wrong. Instead of observing those animals, I tried to control them. I squandered an opportunity and well still know next to nothing about their lives. Not their lives as man would have them, behind electric fences, but in the wild. Behavior in their natural habitat, the impossible dream of any paleontologist. I could have had it, but I let it slip away.
(pause)
Thank God for Site B.

Malcolm just looks at him, not understanding

HAMMOND (cont'd)
(a glint in his eye)
Well? Didn't it all seem a trifle compact to you? The hatchery, in particular?

MALCOLM
What are you talking about?

HAMMOND

You know my initial yields had to be low, far less than one percent, that's a thousand embryos for every single live birth. Genetic engineering on that scale implies a giant operation, not that spotless little laboratory I should you.

MALCOLM
I don't believe you.

HAMMOND
Isla Nublar was just a showroom, something for the tourists, Site B was the factory floor. It was on Isla Sorna, eighty some miles from Nublar. We bred the animals there, nursed them until they were a few months old, then moved them to the park.

MALCOLM
(like an acid flashback)
No, no, no, no, no, no . . .

HAMMOND
About twenty-four months ago Hurricane Clarisse wiped out Site B. Call it an act of God. We had to evacuate and the animals were released to mature on their own in the wild. Life found a way, as you once so eloquently put it. For four years now I've fought to keep them safe from meddling.

MALCOLM
Then it's the first thing you've done right! That island has to be quarantined and contained, immediately! Even the airspace over it needs to be restricted! Get the Department of Biological Preserves to seal off the island. These two species were never meant to share the earth. I am living proof that man cannot compete in their world, and they would never make it in ours. Civilization would kill them.
(a thought)
If they're not dead already. You bred them lysine-deficient, didn't you? They should've died after seven days without supplemental enzymes.

HAMMOND
But by God, they're flourishing, aren't they?! I don't know how, it's only one of a thousand questions I

want the team to answer. I've been putting this together for over a year. But now something's come up that's made it imperative the expedition happen now. If we hesitate, all will be lost.

MALCOLM
"Expedition?" Oh, please, please don't tell me you were foolhardy enough to -

HAMMOND
I've organized a group to go in and document them, to make the most spectacular living fossil record the world has ever seen. It's not been easy to convincing any of them about what they're going to see. I've had to use my checkbook to get them there. I'm covering all the expenses myself.

MALCOLM
I cannot believe my ears. Did you breed carnivores on this island?

HAMMOND
Our satellite infrareds show the animals are fiercely territorial, they demarcate and defend specific areas and stay in them. The carnivores are isolated in the interior of the island, so the team will stay on the outer rim.

MALCOLM
How many lunatics are on this team?

Hammond picks up a thick file folder from the night table next to him and opens it on his lap. Inside, there are memos, charts, maps, and photographs.

HAMMOND
Four.

MALCOLM
Four?! You should be going in there with the National Guard!

HAMMOND
Exactly wrong! Ask any animal behaviorist, the best results come from the lowest impact, the animals shouldn't even know you're there. One observes and documents, but does not interact. Attempting to control the environment is where I went wrong the first time, you told me so yourself. I'm not making the same

mistakes again.

MALCOLM
No, you're making all new ones! My God, if you want to protect those animals, do the ground work, get legislation passed! If you want to observe them, you do it safely, by satellite, or helicopter, but you don't just barge in there with a camcorder! Who are these people? What are their names?

HAMMOND
Nick van Owen, a video documentarian; Eddie Carr, a field equipment specialist; we also have a paleontologist - - and I hope you will be the fourth.

Malcolm looks at him - - "you're out of your mind."

MALCOLM
Do you even listen when I speak?

HAMMOND
Public opinion is the only thing that can preserve Site B now. You have always been my harshest critic. If you come out as an advocate with me, it'll mean everything. I know how obsessive you can be once you truly embrace an idea. We can come forward, together, with ironclad proof of their existence.

MALCOLM
You must already have proof. DNA splicing, the cloning, the births - -

HAMMOND
Only in captivity! I need to show them in their natural habitat to stir up emotional support for keeping that island pristine. This is my last chance to contribute something of real value. I can't walk so far to have left no footprints. I will not be known only for my failures, and you are too smart and too proud to let yourself go down in history as a hoaxster. Please. This is a chance at redemption for both of us.

MALCOLM
That's selfish and grandiose. No, John, I won't go. Absolutely not. And I'm going to contact every

member of your team and stop them from going.

He picks up the file from the bed and starts flipping through it.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
You didn't mention the name of the paleontologist. Who did you get?

Hammond looks away guiltily.

HAMMOND
She came to me. I just want you to know that.

MALCOLM
Who did?

HAMMOND
I want to be very clear about who approached whom.

MALCOLM
(he dreads, but he knows)
Who are you talking about?

HAMMOND
Leave it to you, Ian, to have associations, affiliations, even love interests with the best people in so many fields . . .

MALCOLM
You didn't bring Sarah into this?! Forget it! Get someone else!

HAMMOND
There is no one else! Paleontological behavior study is a brand new field, and Sarah Harding is on the frontier. Her theories on parenting and nurturing among carnivores have framed the debate for the last five years, who else could have - - what are you doing?

Malcolm, is up, searching under piles of papers and dossiers on Hammond's desk.

MALCOLM
Where's your phone?

HAMMOND
You're too late.
(softly)
She's already there.

Malcolm stops and turns, a terrified look on his face.

HAMMOND (cont'd)

The others are meeting her in three days.

MALCOLM
(a pained whisper)
You sent her to this island alone?

HAMMOND
"Sent" is hardly the word, she couldn't be restrained! She was adamant about making the initial foray by herself. "Observation without interference," she said, went on and on about it.

MALCOLM
What is it, you couldn't kill me the first time, so you recruited Sarah to manipulate me into going down there again?! Is that it?!

HAMMOND
It wasn't intentional! You know how she is, better than anyone! After you were injured in the park, she sought you out, didn't she, traveled all the way down to the hospital in Costa Rica at ask someone she didn't even know if the rumors were true! She's a firebrand once she's engaged on a subject, how could I refuse her the chance to complete her life's work?!

MALCOLM
This is criminal, and I will never forgive you for it. You wan to leave your name on something, fine, but stop putting it on other peoples' graves!

HAMMOND She's going to be fine. She's spent years studying African predators, she knows what she's doing. Believe me, the research team will take every possible pre—

Malcolm stands, resolute, making a decision.

MALCOLM
No, It's not a research expedition any more. It's a rescue mission. It's leaving tonight and I'm going with it. And for all our sakes, whoever you've got for protection had better be good.

CUT TO:

10 INT MOMBASSA BAR DAY

ROLAND TEMBO, late sixties, skin like leather and the diamond hard look of a cobra, sits at a table in the middle of an African cafe/bar in Mombassa.

It's daytime and the place is half full, mostly with locals, but there are a few obnoxious TOURISTS too, Americans on safari who somehow found the local hangout.

They're a noisy bunch, but Roland tunes them out, calmly eating his lunch and drinking a beer while he reads a book, eyeglasses hanging low on his face.

Roland suddenly stops reading and furrows his brow. He looks up. He SNIFFS the air once, then smiles and calls out a person's name.

ROLAND
Ajay?

He turns around. AJAY (Ah-jay) SIDHU, a wiry East Indian in his late forties, is standing behind him, caught trying to sneak up.

AJAY
(delighted)
How did you know?

ROLAND
(taps his nose)
That cheap aftershave I send you every Christmas, you actually wear it. I'm touched. Sit down, sit down, what brings you to Mombassa?

Behind them, the group of TOURISTS, call men, laugh loudly. One of them, the MOST OBNOXIOUS TOURIST, berates the WAITRESS.

AJAY
I got a call from a gentleman who's going to Costa Rica, or thereabouts. If he's to be believed, it's a most, uh, unique expedition. And very well-funded.

ROLAND
Well, I'm a very well-funded old son of a bitch. You go.

The Most Obnoxious Tourist bellows for the Waitress. His buddies LAUGH. Roland throws a glance, annoyed.

AJAY
But alone? We always had great success together, you and I.

ROLAND
Just a little bit too much, I think.

AJAY
How do you mean?

ROLAND

A true hunter doesn't mind if the animal wins. If it escapes. But there weren't enough escapes from you and me, Ajay. It all became rather routine, didn't it? I have no interest in being an executioner.

AJAY
I have reason to believe you'd find this challenging.

ROLAND
Then it's probably illegal. These days, it's a more serious crime to shoot a tiger than to shoot your own parents. Tigers have advocates.

The Waitress comes to the Tourists' table and the Most Obnoxious Tourist actually paws her ass. Roland is out of his chair in a second.

ROLAND (cont'd)
Excuse me.

Roland walks over to the Tourists' table, says something to the Waitress in the local dialect, and she walks away, behind him. He stares down at the Most Obnoxious Tourist.

ROLAND (cont'd)
You, sir - - are no gentleman.

TOURIST
Is that supposed to be an insult?

ROLAND
I can think of none greater.

The Tourist looks at his buddies and laughs.

TOURIST
Buzz off, you silly old bastard.

ROLAND
What do I have to do to pick a fight with you, bring your mother into it?

TOURIST
Are you kidding? I could take you with one arm tied down.

ROLAND
Really?

11 IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR,

the Waiter finishes tying a man's wrist to his belt in the back of his pants with a napkin. He pulls the knot tight and the man turns around. It's Roland, with his arm tied down. The Tourist stands across from him.

TOURIST
I meant my arm.

POW! Roland punches him square in the jaw. The Tourist reels, stunned. Enraged, he lunges at Roland, swinging with both arms.

Roland bobs, neatly ducking the punches, waits for the tourist to turn around, and POPS him in the face. The Tourist recovers and lunges at Roland.

This time Roland doesn't punch, he waves to the left and throws a hip, augmenting it with a foot sweep.

The Tourist loses his balance and sails into a table, flipping it over and wiping out an OLDER COUPLE'S lunch. He lands hard, the table on top of him.

A cloud of sawdust and loud CHEER from the locals rise up in the bar.

12 BACK AT HIS TABLE,

Roland drops the napkin on the table and sits back down with Ajay. In the background, the Tourist's Buddies hurriedly carry their fallen cohort out of the bar.

ROLAND
Sorry. We were saying?

AJAY
You broke that man's jaw for no reason other than your boredom. Tell the truth, Roland. Aren't you even interested in knowing this expedition's quarry?

ROLAND
Ajay. Go on up to my ranch, take a look around the trophy room, and tell me what kind of quarry you think could possibly be of any interest to me.

Ajay just smiles.

CUT TO:

13 INT MOBILE FIELD SYSTEMS DAY

In a large warehouse, the SPARKS of an acetylene torch fly as WORKMEN make modifications on several vehicles, including a dark-green Mercedes Benz AAV (all-activity vehicle). The hood of the AAV is up and the V-6 engine has been pulled out; a new, smaller engine is lowered in its place.

To one side are two long trailers, connected by am accordion-like passageway, like on a subway car, allowing one to be towed behind the other.

The warehouse hums with activity as the Workmen scramble to meet a deadline. EDDIE CARR, fortyish, confronts MALCOLM, who carries a satellite phone, a bright green headset that attaches to a heavy battery base. He dials the phone and waits for an answer while Eddie talks.

EDDIE
You can't shave three days off my deadline and expect everything to be ready! We're not fully supplied, I

haven't field tested any of this - -

MALCOLM
(hanging up the phone)
Damn it! Why doesn't Sarah answer her satellite phone?!

EDDIE
Could be anything. Solar flares, a satellite out of synch. It's not exactly a local call.

MALCOLM
Let me talk to your communications designer.

EDDIE
You are talking to him.

A battered white van ROARS through the door of the garage, pulling in backwards, and comes to a stop in the middle of the floor. NICK VAN OWEN, a good-looking American man in his late twenties, hops out. He's crabby.

NICK
It's 4-3 Mets in the sixth, for anybody else who's got money on it. Thanks for the two minute warning Eddie.
Where the hell is the fire?

He slides open the cargo door of the van with a BANG and starts unloading photographic equipment - - video cameras, cables, metal supply cases.

EDDIE
(introducing them)
Nick van Owen, Ian Malcolm. Nick's our field photographer. Dr. Malcolm's our - - uh, nemesis.

MALCOLM
(to Nick)
What's your background? Wildlife photography?

NICK
(while unloading the van)
Wildlife, combat, you name it. When I was with Nightline I was in Rwanda, Chechnya, all over Bosnia. Do some volunteer for Greenpeace once in a while.

MALCOLM
What drew you there?

NICK
Women. 'Bout eighty percent female in Greenpeace.

MALCOLM
Very noble.

NICK
Noble was last year. This year I'm getting paid. Hammond's check cleared, or I wouldn't be going on this wild goose chase.

MALCOLM
Where you're going is the only place in the world where the geese chase you.

Nick looks at him, unconvinced.

NICK
Uh huh.

While they've been talking, the stuff he's unloading has changed. Instead of photographic equipment, he's now pulling out tools - - a pry bar, a small ax, a set of chisels and punches, bolt and wire cutters.

MALCOLM
We're only going to find Dr. Harding, then we leave immediately. You won't need all that.

NICK
Oh, I think I might.

From the ceiling, a large metal cage CRASHES down, landing n the floor right between them with a deafening CLANG. They leap back and look up. A WORKMAN waves from a scaffolding.

WORKMAN
Sorry, Eddie! Specs say it can't deform at 12,000 PSI, we had to test it!

Eddie bends down to inspect the cage, which is rectangular, constricted of inch-thick titanium-alloy bars.

MALCOLM
What the hell is that?

EDDIE
A high hide. This care goes up on top of a fifteen foot titanium scaffold. Keeps the researchers out of harm's way.

MALCOLM
Fifteen feet? Actually, it puts them at a very convenient biting height,

EDDIE
(examining the cage)
This aluminum's too shiny. We should

paint it matte black.
(to a WORKER standing behind him)
And Bobby, I said I wanted camera mounts in the corners of the cage too, not just on the scaffolding.

MALCOLM
More cameras?

EDDIE
Oh yeah.

He stands up and gestures to a tall scaffold that's nearby. On it, WORKMEN are attaching long, dangling wires to four strategically placed camera mounts.

EDDIE (cont'd)
The remote heads are automatic pivoters with heat sensors that are active twenty-four hours a day.

While they talk, one of the already-installed cameras on the high hide WHIRS to life, picking them up as they walk past. The camera follows them as they go, displaying their image on a video monitor near the base of the scaffolding.

EDDIE (cont'd)
The data gets multiplexed and we'll uplink it back to New York at the end of every day. It's a great system, just a little buggy at the moment.

He reaches out and reframes the camera, which has pivoted off of them and is now shooting a fluorescent light above them.

MALCOLM
(checking his watch)
Our charter leaves in three hours. If it isn't ready, leave it behind. Now, I want to talk to whoever's in charge of security.
(Eddie just looks at him)
You know, weapons. Guns. Who's doing that?

Eddie holds his arm out - - "you're talking to him."

MALCOLM (cont'd)
You're kidding.

EDDIE
"Kidding?"

14 MOMENTS LATER,

Eddie smacks a metal case down on a workbench and flips a couple latches. He opens it, revealing a heavy silver rifle, an aluminum canister hanging beneath the barrel.

EDDIE
Lindstradt air rifle. Fires a

subsonic Fluger impact-delivery dart.

He cracks open the cartridge bank, revealing a row of plastic containers filled with straw-colored liquid. Each is tipped with a three inch needle and carries a bright yellow warning tag - - "EXTREME DANGER! LETHAL TOXICITY!"

EDDIE (cont'd)
I loaded the enhanced venom of Conus purpurascens, the South Sea cone shell. Most powerful neurotoxin in the world. Acts within a two-thousandth of a second. Faster than the nerve-conduction velocity. The animal's down before it feels the prick of the dart.

MALCOLM
Is there an antidote?

EDDIE
Like if you shoot yourself in the foot? Wouldn't matter. You'd be dead before you realized you'd had an accident.

A VOICE speaks up from behind them.

VOICE (o.s.)
Wicked cool.

They turn around. KELLY MALCOLM, an African-American girl around twelve years old, stands behind them, impressed by all the goings-on.

KELLY (cont'd)
(to Malcolm)
Hi, Dad.

MALCOLM
Kelly! What took you so long?

KELLY
Sor-ee. Couldn't get a cab.

MALCOLM
I have to talk to you.

She looks at him, suspicious, reading his face.

KELLY
You're going away. Again.

CUT TO:

15 INT EDDIE'S OFFICE DAY

KELLY is slumped in a chair in Eddie's Office next to the construction floor. MALCOLM sits on the desk in front of her. Outside the glass windows, work on the vehicles continues unabated. Kelly looks at a slip of paper in her hand.

KELLY
I don’t even know this woman.

MALCOLM
What do you mean, its Karen.
You’ve known her for, for ten years.

KELLY
She doesn’t have cable. She’s
such a troglodyte.

MALCOLM
That’s cruel. But a good word
use.

KELLY
Why can’t I stay with Sarah?

MALCOLM
Sarah’s - - out of town. Karen is
fantastic. She’ll take you to the
museum, to the movies, you’re going to
have a fantastic time.

KELLY
Stop saying fantastic. Where are you
going?

MALCOLM
I can’t tell you. Come on, it’s only
a few days. I wouldn’t go if it
wasn’t a life - -
(stops himself)
- - if it wasn’t extremely important.

KELLY
I’m your daughter all the time, you
know. You can’t just abandon me
every time you have the opportunity.

MALCOLM
Very hurtful. Your mother tell you
to say that?

From the construction floor, EDDIE calls you.

EDDIE (o.s.)
Dr. Malcolm! Come here a minute!

MALCOLM
I thought you appreciated the fact
that I treat you like an adult. Do
you want to be patronized and
condescended to like other kids?

KELLY
I want you to crack on me a little
bit! You know, ground me or
something, send me to my room. You

never do any of that.

He sits down next to her.

MALCOLM
That stuff never worked with you, Kelly. Not once. You're your own person, and you always have been. You don't need a parent, you just need someone to pay the rent and try to keep up with you until you take over the world. You amaze me. You're my inspiration.

EDDIE (o.s.)
Dr. Malcolm!

KELLY
I could come with you. I could be your research assistant, like I was in Austin.

MALCOLM
This is nothing like Austin.

KELLY
You like to have kids, you just don't want to be with them, do you?

MALCOLM
Hey, I'm not the one who dumped you here, and split for Paris, okay? So don't take it out on me.

Kelly looks down. Malcolm winces immediately. Now he's hurt her feelings. Eddie calls out a third time, impatiently. Malcolm gets up. He pauses at the door.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
I'm sorry. Look, you want some good parental advice? Don't listen to me.

16 INT MAIN FLOOR DAY

While MALCOLM and EDDIE argue over something in the background, KELLY circles around the trailers and looks up at the windows. They're all made of tempered glass, fine wire mesh inside it. She looks around, to see if anybody's watching. They're not, so she quickly slips inside the front trailer.

17 INT TRAILER DAY

Inside, the trailer is a miracle of planning and design. It's divided into sections, for different laboratory functions. The main area is a biological lab, with specimen trays, dissecting pans, and microscopes that connect to video monitors.

Next to it there's an extensive computer section, a bank of processors, and a communication section.

All the lab equipment is miniaturized and built into small tables that slide into

the walls. Everything is bolted down.

She notices a large map on the wall. Off the coast of Costa Rica, there is an area that has been circled in heavy black ink. Kelly puts a finger on the map, crossing westward, through the Pacific Ocean.

There are dozens of islands out there, but in the highlighted region, there is a semi-circle of five. Matanceros. Muerte. Tacano. Pena. And Sorna.

Underneath the whole island chain, there is a bold legend - - "Las Cinco Muertes." Slowly, an ocean barge starts to chug its way across the face of the map.

DISSOLVE TO:

18 EXT OPEN SEA DAY

The map dissolves away as the barge SPLASHES through five foot ocean swells. The barge is crammed with equipment - - the AAV, trailers, and a jeep.

19 ON THE BOAT,

MALCOLM stands in the bow, riding the choppy seas. NICK adjusts the rigging on some strapped down equipment while EDDIE, seasick, is bent over the rail.

EDDIE
(as the waves pound the boat)
Couldn't - - we just - - airlift - - into the - - island?

MALCOLM
Helicopters are too disruptive. If Sarah's in a delicate situation, the last thing I want to do is cause the animals to panic.

Nick stifles a smile. Malcolm notices.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
John Hammond has already told you what you're going to see on this island. Being sane people, I'm sure you don't believe him. And I'm sure you've concluded that I'm out of my mind too. I won't bother trying to convince you otherwise. But even if you think I'm deluded and harmless, I promise you, this place is not. There are things in the interior of the island that not only can kill you, they want to kill you. If you take this place lightly, you'll never leave it.

20 EXT OPEN SEA DAY

Far in the distance, the tiny dot of volcanic island rises out of the sea.

21 EXT BOAT DAY

The boat's CAPTAIN, a Costa Rican, points ahead and SHOUTS to them.

CAPTAIN
Aca esta!

They all turn and look over the bow. Up ahead, sheer, reddish-grey cliffs of volcanic rock rise dramatically out of the fog-heavy ocean.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
Isla Sorna!

The captain turns and looks apprehensively at his thirteen year old SON, his only crew on the boat. The boat ROARS ahead, plowing into a heavy wreath of fog. The mist swirls and encircles it.

22 EXT ISLAND FIORD DAY

A narrow inlet cuts through the steep cliffs, leading to the island interior. The barge bursts through the fog at the mouth of the fiord and heads deeper into the island.

23 EXT LAGOON DAY

Lush green plants drip everywhere in this verdant lagoon. Sulfurous yellow steam issues from the ground, bleaching the nearby foliage white. In the distance on can hear the cries of JUNGLE BIRDS.

The boat is now beached and the jeep and trailers back down a narrow ramp onto the soft clay shore at the edge of the lagoon. There is a large three-toed animal imprint in the clay at the water's edge, and the AAV backs right over it, swapping its track for the animal's.

MALCOLM is at the edge of the water with the CAPTAIN. NICK stands between them, translating while EDDIE looks on. The Captain seems fearful, one arm draped protectively around his SON.

NICK
He says he wants to anchor a few miles offshore, not here. He's heard too many stories about this island chain.

MALCOLM
What kind of stories?

NICK
Que tipo de cuentos?

CAPTAIN
De pescadores. Que acercaron demasiado a las islas y nunca volvieron.

NICK
Stories about fishermen who came too close to the islands, and they never returned.

CAPTAIN
Tengo la radio, tengo satellite. Cuando me necesitas, llamame. Podemos estar aqui en dos horas. Pero no me quedare en ningun islas. Se llaman Las Cinco Muertes.

NICK
"I have the radio, I have the satellite phone. When you need me, send the call. We can be here in two hours. But I won't stay in this place. I won't stay anywhere near these islands. They call them the - -"

Nick stops.

NICK (cont'd)
(to the Captain)
"Las Cinco Muertes?"

CAPTAIN
Si.

EDDIE
What does that mean?

NICK
"The Five Deaths."

For the first time, Nick's face distinctly registers concern. He notices Malcolm is staring at him. Nick turns away and picks up his pack.

CUT TO:

24 EXT GRASSY PLAIN DAY

The jeep tows the double trailer to the edge of a grassy plain just beyond the lagoon, overlooking the interior of the island. The noon sun is high overhead; below, the valley shimmers in the midday heat.

MALCOLM looks around apprehensively, the beauty of the place completely lost on him. He mutters to himself.

MALCOLM
I am out of my mind.

EDDIE connects a flexible cable to the jeep's power winch and flicks it on. The cable turns slowly in the sunlight. Moving along the length of it, we see the cable leads to a pile of titanium struts painted a camouflage color.

As the winch pulls the cable tight, the strut assembly begins to rise. The emerging structure climbs, spidery, struts unfolding, fifteen feet into the air.

The little house at the top (the cage that was tested back at Eddie's workshop) is now just beneath the lower branches of the nearby trees, which almost conceal it from view.

A cone shaped receiving dish opens on top of the trailer with a soft HUM. Nick looks from it to Eddie.

NICK

What's that?

EDDIE
Global Positioning Sensor.

He slides an optical disc into a small, hand-held monitor. MALCOLM comes and looks over his shoulder skeptically. The outline of the island appears on the monitor, but largely obscured by patches of clouds.

MALCOLM
Useless. It's bouncing off the cloud cover.

EDDIE
Give it a minute. It's a system. It's got to sum data.

NICK
Data from what?

EDDIE
Radar. Navigational satellites.

Now the radar penetrates the clouds and the image on the monitor fills in, tracing edges, enhancing details, providing a high-quality map of the island. A blinking red X appears in the lower corner, near the edge of the island.

EDDIE (cont'd)
See, that's us. And I built a location sensor into Dr. Harding's satellite phone, so we should be getting a readout right about . . .

Suddenly a red triangle appears a short distance away from the X, accompanied by an ID tag - -"HRDG," it says.

EDDIE (cont'd)
That's our girl.
(to Malcolm)
See, Doc? Everything's under control.

MALCOLM
Her phone is safe. I'm so relieved. You've got the rifle?

Eddie picks up the Lindstradt and slings it over a shoulder.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
Let's go. And the second we get her, we're out of here.

NICK
Speak for yourself. For the amount of zeroes on my paycheck , John Hammond is going to get his money's worth.

CUT TO:

25 EXT JUNGLE TRAIL DAY

The hand-held monitor blinks in MALCOLM'S hands as he makes his way along a jungle trail. EDDIE leads the way, Lindstradt rifle at the ready. Beside Malcolm, NICK chews anxiously on a piece of gum. On the monitor, the flashing X is drawing closer to the HRDG marker, which isn't moving.

They come out of the foliage and into a dry streambed fifteen yards wide. On the monitor, the X now overlaps the HRDG signal. Malcolm looks around frantically.

MALCOLM
She should be here, we're right on top of it - -

NICK
Over there!

A short distance away, a battered backpack lies on the ground, a torn and dirty shirt splayed out beside it. Nick picks up the backpack, which is filthy, torn, smeared with dirt and blood.

EDDIE
Oh, my God . . .

Nick and Eddie are alarmed, but this time Malcolm's the one who's not worried.

MALCOLM
No, that's how it always looks. It's her lucky pack.

EDDIE
(looking at it)
It better be.

Malcolm rifles through it and finds her satellite phone. He pulls the handset free of its heavy base and shoves it in his pocket.

NICK
She must be nearby, if we split up we'll cover more - -

MALCOLM
Absolutely not. We stay together. Predators look for strays that have split off from the group.

NICK
I'm going to search the foliage on this side of the stream bed.

Is it our imagination, or did the trees behind him just sway?

NICK (cont'd)
One of you guys stay in the center and the other take the far edge. We'll keep within shouting range of each other and call out every - -

No, it's not us, the trees behind Nick now shiver and sway from left to right,

CREAKING and GROANING as they move. Nick hears it and turns around. The trees sway again, something in them moving along the stream bed. Malcolm gestures to Eddie, who readies his weapon.

Nick slides a three quarter inch tape into his video camera and swings it up onto his shoulder.

The shaking trees seem closer now. By walking down the streambed, the humans are tracking right along with whatever's moving in the foliage.

Ahead of them, thick foliage blocks the path of the dries up streambed to a height of about fifteen feet. But around them, the CRASHING sounds get louder and closer, the swaying trees shiver right behind them. Through the trees, Eddie gets a glimpse of something and leaps back two steps.

MALCOLM
What?

EDDIE
Something big.

MALCOLM
How big?!

EDDIE
Big enough to worry about!

He raises the rifle in defense as the trees right at the edge of the streambed sway and part.

Above the foliage, they see the sudden movement - -

- - of a row of STEGOSAUR fins. The spade-shaped fins run along a ridge down the middle of the animal’s back, about three feet tall each.

The group freezes, amazed, and as the stegosaur continues on, they get a good look at it through a break in the foliage.

It’s a large dinosaur with a small head, a thick neck, and a huge lumbering body. A double row of plates runs along the crest of its back, and it has a dragging tail with long spikes in it.

The gum drops out of Nick’s mouth, PLOPS onto his shirt, and sticks there.

A second stegosaur, a baby about the quarter of the size of the first animal, breaks through the foliage, following the adult.

While the group is reacting to that, the earth vibrates and a third stego, by far the biggest of the three, walks out of the foliage right behind them, crossing within ten feet, apparently unconcerned about these little creatures in its environment.

Eddie bursts into almost helpless laughter, of all things, as he can’t contain his astonishment. Malcolm covers his mouth, trying to keep him quiet.

The stegosaurs lumber into the foliage on the other side of the stream bed. The group follows them into the bush.

26 IN THE BUSH,

Malcolm and the others crawl through the foliage after the animals. The largest of the stegosaurs plows through a thick canopy of brush, suddenly opening up their view of a large clearing, in which - -

- - there's a whole HERD OF STEGOSAURS. Maybe twenty in all, the stegos range from infants all the way up to adults.

The three humans stare in awe at the magnificent sight.

Right at the edge of the herd, crouched delicately behind a rock pile, is SARAH HARDING.

Around thirty and with an athletic body built for the outdoors, Sarah is dressed in field gear, scribbling notes on a pad she has strapped to her left wrist. She turns around as the big stego plods past her and notices the people crouched in the foliage.

She breaks into a wide, friendly grin and waves to them. Nick looks at Malcolm, impressed.

NICK
She's gutty.

MALCOLM
She's nuts.

EDDIE
This is - - this is magnificent!

MALCOLM
Yeah, "oooh," "aaah," that's how it always starts. Screaming and running come later.

Sarah scurries over to them, whispering with breathless excitement as she joins them in the bushes.

SARAH
Ian, I'm so happy you're here! Is it Wednesday already? I lost track of the time. Who's got a Power Bar or something? I'm starving. Those animals that just walked by, did you see 'em? It was a pair bond, a family group, even, long after that infant was nest bound. Every egg clutch I've see has empty shells crushed and trampled, the hatchlings definitely say in the birth environment for an extended time, that's conclusive, I can put that controversy to rest for good if I can just get a shot of the nest. Oooh, a Minolta!

She reaches for the still camera hanging around Nick's neck.

SARAH (cont'd)

You don't mind if I borrow this, I dropped mine in the water yesterday. The shutter's muffled, right?

NICK
Uh - - yeah.

SARAH
Low ASA color?

NICK
Agfa 25.

SARAH
Filter?

NICK
Polarizer.

She scurries back into the clearing with Nick's camera. As a baby stegosaur ambles forward to join the herd, Sarah scoots right along with it, moving behind it, using its body as a shield to block her view of the other two.

She squeezes off pictures of the herd as she goes, the camera's shutter nearly silent.

In the bushes, Malcolm and the others can only watch her, stunned. Nick looks at Malcolm and smiles.

NICK
Should we rescue her now or after lunch?

IN THE CLEARING,

Sarah keeps moving closer to the herd. The baby passes a small grouping of rocks and Sarah ducks behind them. She's now in a perfect position to photograph the nest, and she squeezes off picture after picture from this ideal vantage point.

She shoots the last picture on the roll - -

- - and the camera's autowinder WHIRS to life. Sarah looks down in horror as the camera's motor WHINES loudly in her hands.

The noise startles the animals. The alpha male, the biggest animal in the herd, turns toward her, the plates on its back bristling. Sarah gets to her feet and starts to move away, slowly. In the brush, Malcolm leaps to his feet and yells.

MALCOLM
SARAH!

Alarmed by this second threat, the male spins away from Sarah and swings its tail, spikes extended. It WHIZZES through the air, right at her, but Sarah leaps back at the last second - -

- - and the tail's spike THUD into the dirt where she was.

Sarah crawls away as fast as she can. The herd moves, instinctively grouping around the baby stego as the alpha male pursues Sarah. It raises its tail, to take

another swipe.

Sarah sees it coming and ducks into a hollowed-out log for cover.

Sarah crawls to apparent safety, but a WHIZZING sound comes from outside - -

- - and the stego's spikes CRUNCH right through the log, stopping inches from her face. She wriggles backwards, out of the log, as the stego ROARS and struggles to free its tail.

28 IN THE CLEARING,

Sarah crawls free of the log and scrambles away on all fours as the stego herd darts away, disappearing into the brush, moving surprisingly quickly for animals their size.

The team members run to Sarah, help her to her feet, and pull her back, against a massive tree trunk. But the tree trunk lifts right up off the ground.

It's no tree, it's a DINOSAUR'S LEG, a massive one, six feet across, God knows how many feet high.

The Group gasps and looks up as a MAMENCHIASAURUS, an enormous sauropod over a hundred feet from nose to tail, lumbers away from them. It stops and HONKS furtively, its long neck stretched out above them.

Now a second mamenchiasaur neck cranes out of the surrounding forest trees and wraps around the first. The first mamenchiasaur THUNDERS around in a semi-circle, getting into position behind the second.

Nick swings his video camera straight up as the group finds itself in the middle of a mamenchiasaur mating. They mighty tails swing and SNAP around them as the two animals come together. Trees start snapping and falling, CRASHING to the jungle floor.

The noise and chaos is deafening, drowning out the LAUGHTER and SCREAMS of the fascinated and terrified group. There is a momentary lull and the group dashes out from underneath the animals, disappearing into the thick forest.

29 A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY,

the Group collapses to the ground, breathless, chests heaving with wild, frightened laughter. Sarah dives to top of Malcolm, grabs his head, and kisses him again, exhilarated.

SARAH
Isn't it great!?

Malcolm pulls out her satellite phone, and shows it to her angrily.

MALCOLM
When it RINGS - - you ANSWER it!

CUT TO:

30 EXT JUNGLE TRAIL DAY

NICK and EDDIE march quickly back toward their base camp, their energy and excitement palpable. MALCOLM is furious, however, and is in an argument with SARAH.

MALCOLM
When Hammond called you, why didn't you say something to me?!

SARAH
Because you would have tried to stop me from coming.

MALCOLM
I would have tied you to the bed!

NICK
(a salacious mutter)
Me too.

SARAH
I figured out how the animals survived without lysine.

MALCOLM
I don't care.

SARAH
(continuing anyway)
If you look at the diets of the herbivore species that are thriving, they eat mostly agama beans, soy, anything lysine-rich. And the carnivores, well, they eat the herbi - -

Over his shoulder, Sarah sees Nick put a cigarette in his mouth.

SARAH (cont'd)
Don't light that. Dinosaurs can pick up scents from miles away. We're here to observe and document, not interact.

MALCOLM
That's a scientific impossibility. Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle. Whatever you study, you also change.

SARAH
I'll risk it. I'm sick of scratching around in rock and bone and making guesses, deductions about the nurturing habits of animals that have been dead for sixty-five million years. Right or wrong, we're ridiculed because we can't prove anything, we can only make assumptions based on how modern day animals behave. It's frustrating, man. Then you show up and fill my head with stories for four years - -

MALCOLM

Stories of mutilation and death!
Weren't you paying attention?

SARAH
Please don't treat me like I'm some wide-eyed grad student, I've worked around predators since I was twenty years old. Lions, hyenas, jackals, you. They're obsessively territorial, and those territories are all in the interior of the island. The only other place they'll hunt is on the game trails. If we stay on the outer rim and off the game trails, we'll be fine.

MALCOLM
They go wherever there's food! They have legs, you know, and on these legs they're known to walk.

SARAH
Could you make that a little more condescending?

MALCOLM
Even run, on occasion.

SARAH
You know, I'm not sure I can listen to you right now without wanting to hit you.

MALCOLM
Hit me on the way home. I'm taking you out of here.

SARAH
HEY.

Angry, she pulls him aside and lowers her voice.

SARAH (cont'd)
What is this? I've barely heard from you for three months, now you charge in here on a white horse - - you don't usually care what continent I'm on. What do you think you're doing?

MALCOLM
You are deeply disturbed. Someone who loves you travels five thousand miles to tell you your life is in danger and you're actually suspicious.

SARAH
You love me?

MALCOLM
You don't have any money, there must be some reason I'm hanging around.

SARAH
Why didn't you ever say so, Shithead?

MALCOLM
I did. In the hospital. In Costa Rica.

SARAH
You were on painkillers. You said it to the anesthesiologist.

MALCOLM
Well, I meant it for you. Sarah, please. You've seen the place, you've drawn your conclusions, now let's go.

SARAH
I've barely begun. I'm trying to change a hundred years of theory, here. Dinosaurs were categorized as vicious lizards very early on and there's a lot of resistance to the idea of them nurturing parents. Robert Burke calls T-rex a rogue that abandoned its young at the first opportunity. I think I can prove - -

Suddenly, Nick bolts right in between them, running as fast as he can down the trail, toward base camp.

MALCOLM
What's the matter with - -

They all turn, looking in the direction Nick is running. A plume of black smoke is rising up over the trees.

EDDIE
Fire!

CUT TO:
31 EXT BASE CAMP DAY

NICK bursts out of the trees and races towards the thick plume of smoke. In the middle of the base camp, someone has neatly built a campfire surrounded by stones. Nick grabs a jug of water to douse it, but SARAH steps in.

SARAH
No! Water makes the smoke billow, use dirt!

EDDIE joins in as they kick and rake dirt onto the fire with their hands and feet. MALCOLM is furious.

MALCOLM

Who the hell started a campfire?!

VOICE (o.s.)
It was just to make dinner.

Malcolm turns towards the source of the voice. KELLY MALCOLM, his twelve year old daughter, stands in the doorway of the trailer, very sheepish.

KELLY (cont'd)
I wanted it ready when you got back.

The whole group stares, stunned, none more than Malcolm himself. He looks at Kelly, then at the trailer door hanging open, then back at Kelly as he figures out how she did it.

MALCOLM
Oh . . . wow.

CUT TO:
32 EXT BASE CAMP LATER

Later, and base camp is a blur of activity. SARAH, NICK, and EDDIE are hard at work, burying the remains of the fire, sealing their food in plastic bags, loading camera equipment, packing up specimen containers and other information-gathering equipment.

MALCOLM, meanwhile, is beside himself over KELLY'S presence. While he talks, he keeps trying to make a call on the satellite phone, which he had pulled out of the trailer and is now in front of him, on its heavy base.

KELLY
You practically told me to come here!

MALCOLM
I what?

KELLY
You said "don't listen to me." I thought you were trying to tell me something.

MALCOLM
You knew exactly what I meant! You don't have the faintest idea what's going on on this island, of the danger you put yourself in!

Nick leans over and whispers to Eddie, gesturing to Malcolm and Kelly.

NICK
Do you see any family resemblance here?

SARAH
(to Malcolm)
What do you want to do, lock her up for curiosity? Where do you think

she gets it?

KELLY
Thank you, Sarah.

MALCOLM
No, no, no, no, no. Don't even start the teaming up thing.

KELLY
You're wrong, Dad. I do know what's going on this island.

MALCOLM
How could you possibly?

KELLY
Because you said so. Maybe nobody else believed you, but I always did.

Malcolm is touched. Nick leans over to Eddie again.

NICK
The kid scores with cheap sentiment.

SARAH
Ian, you sound like a high school vice-principal.

MALCOLM
I'm her father.

KELLY
Sure, now.

SARAH
Touché.

MALCOLM
(to Sarah)
You. Out of the conversation.
(of the satellite phone)
Eddie, why the hell doesn't this thing work?

EDDIE
I told you, it's not like a land line. You have to wait for a decent signal.

Malcolm SMACKS it down angrily. Sarah turns to Eddie and gestures to the high hide.

SARAH
If you plan on using your high hide, I'd move it over to the middle of those cyatheoides.
(gestures to a stand of palm fronds)
They've got a heavy scent, and

animals know they're toxic, they won't even look at 'em. How tall is it?

EDDIE
Fifteen feet.

SARAH
(shudders)
Wouldn't get me up there in a million years. You can't do this kind of work in a tower anyway, you have to be out in the field, as close to the animals as possible.

MALCOLM
Great idea! Why not leave a trail of sheep's blood behind you while you're at it?
(to Eddie)
I assume the radio in the trailer will work?

EDDIE
After a short warmup, yeah.

MALCOLM
I'm taking my daughter out of here. Anybody who's coming with me, this is your last chance to get out.

Leaving aside the satellite phone, Malcolm takes Kelly's hand, turns, and heads for the trailer with her. Sarah straps on her backpack and addresses Eddie and Nick.

SARAH
Okay, listen, when we're out in the field, nothing we do can leave any room for people to say our findings were contaminated. Once the academic world smells blood in the water, you're dead.

Malcolm, headed for the trailer, stops and shouts back at them, trying to recruit the others out from under her.

MALCOLM
If you're staying, I'd be happy to deliver a letter to your wives or loved ones. Give you a chance to say good bye to them.

SARAH
(ignoring him)
We leave no scent of any kind. No hair tonics, no cologne, no insect repellant, seal all our food in plastic bags.

MALCOLM

Maybe you have some personal effects you'd like me to pass on. It's the least I can do.

SARAH
Our presence has to be one hundred percent antiseptic. If we so much as bend a blade of grass, we bend it back the way it - -

A low sound has been rising while they bickered and now it comes BOOMING over the jungle around them, a THUNDEROUS racket that shakes the very ground beneath them. Malcolm stops, the door to the trailer rattling in his hand as - -

- - three military helicopters ROAR overhead, flying very low. The choppers are enormous, fast-assed creature, some dangling huge cargo containers under them.

33 AT A RIDGE,

the members of the gatherer expedition hit the dirt and peer over a ledge, watching as the helicopters bank and hover over a specific spot.

34 DOWN BELOW,

the metal equipment containers are cut loose and drop, SNAPPING off tree like matchsticks, crushing flat anything foolish enough to exist where they want to land.

Black silk rope bags drop out the cargo doors of the choppers and MEN leap out, sliding down them.

35 UP ON THE RIDGE,

Malcolm looks at Sarah.

MALCOLM
You were saying something about antiseptic?

Through a pair of binoculars, Eddie studies the vehicles, which are emblazoned with the familiar InGen logo.

EDDIE
"InGen?" Why would Hammond send two teams?

SARAH
Doesn't he trust us?! We haven't even had a chance yet!

Malcolm grabs the binoculars.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS,

he sees the frenzy of activity as the massive containers are unloaded and their MEN and equipment deployed. And standing right in the center of it all is PETER LUDLOW, in a brand-new Banana Republic safariwear

ON THE RIDGE,

Malcolm lowers the binoculars, furious.

MALCOLM
Hammond didn't send these guys.
Peter Ludlow did.

SARAH
What do they want?

Nick seems to know exactly what's going on.

NICK
They want their money back.

Malcolm looks at him - - how does he know?

CUT TO:

36 EXT HUNTER'S CAMP DAY

Metal container doors CLANG to the ground and jeep engines ROAR to life in a cloud of thick black diesel smoke. LUDLOW turns to DR. ROBERT BURKE, a ragged, pony-tailed man in wire-rimmed glasses.

LUDLOW
Welcome to your dream come true, Dr.
Burke.

Burke had a detailed set of satellite recon photographs that he spreads out on the hood of a jeep.

BURKE
The animals are heat sources, and the satellite flybys pick up their infrared signatures. Big animals leave big signatures. These red concentric marks, that's there the heat dots overlapped from pass to pass. The greatest concentration is here, in the flatlands.

LUDLOW
Then that's where we're going.

Burke flips open a manifest. Inside, there are dozen of sketches of various kinds of dinosaurs, front and side views, with detailed descriptions underneath.

As each vehicle ROARS out of the equipment container, Burke slips a waterproof eight by ten card with an icon of its particular dinosaur into a slot in the dashboard.

BURKE
(calling them off)
Hadrosaurus! Carninthosaurus!
Maiasaurus!

As the procession goes on, Ludlow turns to DIETER STARK, a brittle South African of about forty-five.

LUDLOW
This is as good a place as any for

base camp. First priority is the laser barriers, I want them all up and running in thirty minutes. Half an hour, understand?

Dieter nods and turns to some of the HUNTERS, who number about twenty in all. But someone steps in, cutting him off. It's ROLAND TEMBO, the hunter from the bar in Mombassa.

ROLAND
Cancel that, Dieter.

LUDLOW
What? Why?

ROLAND
Carnivores hunt neat large water sources, Mr. Ludlow. Do you want to set up base camp or an all-you-can-eat people bar?

LUDLOW
(to Dieter)
You heard him. Find a new spot.

Dieter SIGHS and goes back to work. Roland puts an arm around Ludlow and pulls him aside.

ROLAND
Peter, if you want me to run your little camping trip, there are two conditions. First - - I'm in charge, and when I'm not around, Dieter is. Your job is to sign the checks, tell us we're doing a good job, and open your case of scotch when we have a good day. Second condition - - my fee. You can keep it. All I want in exchange for my services is the right to hunt one of the tyrannosaurs. A male. Buck only. Why and how are my business. If you don't like either of those conditions, you're on your own. Go ahead and set up your camp right here, or in the swamp, or in the middle of the rex nest, for all I care. But I've been on too many safaris with rich dentists to listen to any more suicidal ideas. Okay?

LUDLOW
(what else can he say?)
Okay.

ROLAND
Good lad.

CUT TO:

37 OMITTED

38 EXT RIDGE DUSK

As the sun glows bright orange on the horizon, NICK raises a pair of binoculars to his eyes and peers down at the vista below the ridge.

In the lenses of the binoculars, we can clearly see a mixed herd of midsize herbivores - - HADROSAURS, PACHYCEPHALOSAURS, and GALLIMIMUSES - - racing across the plain below.

MALCOLM, also staring through binoculars, lies on the ridge beside him. SARAH is several feet behind them, her back pressed against a tree, unwilling to go to the lip of the ridge.

39 THROUGH NICK'S BINOCULARS,

we see a shaky point of view of the herd running. The binoculars whip to the right - -

- - revealing a jeep chasing the herd. Not just one jeep, in fact, but a whole FLEET OF HUNTER PURSUIT VEHICLES!

There are two herding jeeps, one motorcycle, a speedier mini-jeep, and, further behind, a container truck and a wrangler's pickup truck.

Although there's a great deal of commotion below, up here it's almost eerily silent.

40 ON THE RIDGE,

Nick lowers the binoculars, angry. When he raises them again, the sun FLARES off the lens - -

41 EXT THE PLAIN DUSK
-

- and when the brilliant flares clear, we're right down in the middle of the roundup. Engines ROAR, wheels spin and dig in the dirt, men SHOUT and radios SQUAWK as the hunter vehicles pursue the fleeing herd they've flushed.

The HUNTERS SHOUT and SHRIEK with glee, incredulous and thrilled by the spectacular animals they're pursuing.

HUNTER
LOOK AT THESE THINGS!

HUNTER 2
THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL, MAN, THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL!!!

One of the pursuit vehicles (a "snagger"), pulls ahead of the others. DIETER stands in the passenger seat, holding a long pole with a noose dangling from the end of it. He swings the pole over the side of the jeep and SHOUTS to CARTER, his driver.

DIETER
FASTER!

The Driver hits the gas and the snagger leaps forward, gaining on the herd. Aware of the danger behind them, the herd veers to the right, towards the cover of thick jungle - -

- - but the motorcycle ROARS in from the right side, cutting them off, herding them back out into the open.

42 BACK IN THE CONTAINER TRUCK,

PETER LUDLOW stands up in a "conning tower," a command post in the heaviest pursuit vehicle. He BARKS into a walkie-talkie.

LUDLOW
You are to take those animals alive, Dieter, and uninjured! Understand?

The Driver can barely keep up with the twist and feints thrown by the herd ahead of them. Dieter CURSES and throws the lasso pole into the back of the jeep. Ludlow's voice continues over the radio next to him.

LUDLOW (o.s.)
That's very expensive property, and it does not belong to you! Dieter?! Can you hear me?!

DIETER
(to the Driver)
Turn that off!

The Driver SNAPS off the radio as Dieter grabs a long-barreled rifle from the back of the vehicle.

THE MOTORCYCLE,

guns it again, forcing the herd back into the middle of the plain. From the trees to the left, two heads on enormous necks rise up in alarm.

Two APATOSAURS are startled from the bush and lumber out across the middle of the plain. The herd doesn't even break stride, but keeps running, scampering after the giants and stampeding right between their massive legs.

One smaller PACHYCEPHALOSAUR, a thick, heavy-set animal whose distinctive feature is an enormous skull casing, bolts loose, but the motorcycle cuts it off and herds it back into the middle, which now takes the motorcycle right through the rising and falling legs of the apatosaurs.

The bike chases the pachy out the other side, and as the apatosaurs disappear into the distance, the cycle isolates the juvenile. Two pursuit vehicles cut the animal off and stop. The pachy stops too, ten feet away.

DR. BURKE is in one of the cars, staring at the animals in wonderment, moved by the sight of the animals he's studied for so long.

BURKE
Pachycephalosaurus!

The Hunters' FIELD VETERINARIAN, in the car with Burke, looks fearful, flipping through a large book with pictures of various dinosaurs and their descriptions.

VETERINARIAN
Carnivore?

BURKE
(enchanted)
Huh? No, no, herbivore, late Cretaceous. It's either prenocephale prene or pachycephalosaurus wyomingesis. This is amazing! We've found a lot of domed cranial fragments, but never a whole animal - - until now! See that distinctive domed skull? That's nine inches of solid bone!

Burke actually seems misty, almost moved to tears. Two Hunters are not, though, they warily approach the pachy with lasso poles as another jeep pulls up.

BURKE (cont'd)
They pachy's neck attaches to the bottom of its skull instead of the back of its head, as with reptiles.

A Hunter opens the passenger door of the jeep and starts to clim out - -

BURKE (cont'd)
So when it lowers its head, its neck lines up directly with its backbone!

- - but the pachy charges! The Hunter ducks behind the door for cover, but the pachy HEAD-BUTTS right into it, CRUNCHING the door closed and sending the Hunter flying right back into the vehicle.

BURKE (cont'd)
Which is perfect for absorbing impact.

Another truck, a "scissor rig," spots the pachy. High in the back of the truck, a HUNTER mans a tranquilizer cannon and draws a bead on it.

He FIRES and the tranquilizer dart hits the animal in the neck. Another HUNTER from the truck tosses a lasso around its neck and they crank a winch, reeling in the animal.

As the truck gains on it, two six-foot padded arms with what look like heavy airbags on the insides open up on the front of the truck. As the animal is pulled in, the scissors close with a hydraulic WHIR, trapping the animal between its airbags.

Now a pickup rig ROARS up and drops its back gate. The scissor rig rolls forward, depositing the squirming pachy in this dino-containment vehicle.

Two HUNTERS throw levers on the side of the scissor bars and the scissor rig backs away, leaving the animal, still pinched between the bars, imprisoned in the back of the pickup rig.

The Hunter quickly fit new scissor bars onto the scissor rig and it takes off, back into the hunt.

BACK ON THE SNAGGER,

Dieter, rifle in hand, drops down into the passenger seat, whips a harness over

himself and CLICKS it into place.

He jabs his thumb into a flashing red button in the dashboard.

Immediately, a motor underneath the seat HUMS to life and the seat itself telescopes, extending a good four feet out to the side of the speeding jeep.

Dieter raises the gun, picks a CARINTHOSAUR, a red-crested herbivore, from the rear of the fleeing herd and takes aim.

BANG!!

The carinthosaur staggers as a tranquilizer dart sticks in its let hindquarters.

44 UP ON RIDGE,
there is utter quiet. Nick and the others stare wordlessly at the spectacle below.

45 DOWN ON THE PLAIN,

the snagger SHUDDERS to a halt in the dirt, kicking up a huge cloud of dust and dirt.

The motorcycle spins to a stop beside it, its DRIVER pushing his mask up to reveal his sweat and dirt-streaked face.

The wrangler truck backs up and drops its rear door, which CLANGS heavily to the ground. FOUR WRANGLERS carrying wire noose poles and chains race down the ramp and out of the truck.

Dieter jumps off the snagger. He puts down his tranquilizer gun, picks up a long steel rod, and walks forward slowly. Ahead of him, the carinthosaur is still on its feet.

The sedated animal staggers, fighting to retain its balance while it is surrounded by wary Wranglers.

DIETER
Easy - - easy - - not too close! Full extension!

The Wranglers adjust their poles, extending them another three feet, which allows them to stay further from the feeling, ten foot tall animal.

DIETER
Now!

Almost as one, the Wranglers flip their nooses over the stunned animal’s neck. It thrashes, but the Wranglers hold their poles tightly, surrounding and immobilizing it.

46 UP ON THE RIDGE,

Nick lowers the binoculars. Sarah mutters to herself, concerned.

SARAH
They must not know. They think they’re in herbivore territory - -

MALCOLM
They are, aren't the?

SARAH
They're on a game trail, Ian. That's no man's land.

47 DOWN ON THE PLAIN,

a bolero-type device, a rope with a round weight at either end, whips around the carinthosaur's legs. The animal THUDS to the dirt with a SNORT of defeat.

Ludlow steps up next to Dieter and both of them stare down at the helpless animal. Ludlow's breathing heavily, eyes glowing.

The animal is still thrashing, pumping its legs crazily. Dieter turns a knob on the side of the steel rod he's holding and thrusts it into the defenseless animal's neck.

A blue arc of electricity CRACKS and dances over the carinthosaur's body. The animal convulses in pain, a horrible, high-pitched SQUEALING rips the air.

The VETERINARIAN hurries forward with a case full of dozens of bottles of tranquilizing agents. He runs his finger along the row, selects just the right one, and fills a syringe with a specific amount. He injects it into the animal's thigh.

CARTER, Dieter's Driver, steps up with a can of spray paint and quickly tags the animal with an ID number in day-glo orange. He marks a black X over the card with the drawing of the carinthosaur.

Dieter, sweat-soaked, guzzles water from a canteen. It runs down his chin and a COMPSOGNATHUS, the small, chicken-sized dinosaur we saw in the opening, hops over and investigates the puddle near his foot. Dieter looks down at the animal. DR. BURKE bends over it, fascinated.

BURKE
Compsognathus triassicus! Found by Fraas in 1913 in Bavaria, I think.

DIETER
Is it dangerous?

BURKE
I don't think so. Compys have always been presumed to be scavengers, like jackals, feeding on dead or wounded animals.

The compy happily sniffs Dieter's boot, lapping at the drops of water on his toe.

DIETER
It gives me the creeps. It's like it's not scared.

BURKE
Probably because there haven't been any visitors to the island. It has no reason to fear man.

Dieter pulls the steel rod from the loop in his belt and touches it to the compy's back.

The electric shock CRACKS over the animal's form and sends it tumbling head over heels, back into the bushes, WAILING.

DIETER
Now it does.

48 NEARBY,

Roland is down on the ground with Ajay, staring at an enormous, very deep three-toed track.

ROLAND
Burke. Come here.

Burke leaves Dieter and comes hurrying over, carrying the large book.

ROLAND (cont'd)
You recognize this track way?

BURKE
(softly)
I'm afraid I do.

He flips to a particular page and turns it around, showing a picture of the fossilized footprint. There's also a large, lifelike drawing of the animal that made it. An animal so large the page has to fold out (twice) to show it all.

BURKE (cont'd)
Tyrannosaurus rex.

AJAY, Roland's tracker, studies the rex's trail. It goes sideways, bisecting the game trail.

AJAY
He sprang from the foliage. Picked off a calf - - that's this smaller set of tracks that disappears. Then carried it back into the bush. That way.

Roland gets up and goes to his jeep. At the back, he opens a wood and leather case, revealing - -

- - his gun. It's an antique elephant gun, double barreled .600 Nitro Express. Nearly a hundred years old, its rosewood stock is worn buttery smooth, but is nicked and scarred by two lifetimes of campaigns. Cape buffalo are delicately engraved along its silver breech.

The barrels are twenty-four inches long, topped with ivory bead foresight at the business end. Roland scoops up the gun, breaks the breech, and pulls two rounds of ammunition from his shirt pocket.

Four inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, these are the largest full metal jacket cartridges ever made. He slips one into each barrel and they land with a resonant metallic WHUMP. He and Ajay head into the bush.

LUDLOW calls to them from his vehicle.

LUDLOW
Hey! Where do you think you're going?!

ROLAND
To collect my fee.

And with that he disappears into the foliage.

Ajay takes a step into the bush, but at a ninety degree angle away from the direction in which the animal tracks lead.

ROLAND
Ajay.

Ajay turns. Roland points in the direction in which the footprint leads.

ROLAND (cont'd)
I'm no tracker, but even I can read this spoor.

AJAY
Do you wish to go where the animal has been, or where the animal is?

Roland smiles and follows Ajay as he sets off in his chosen direction.

CUT TO:
50 EXT THE CAVES DAY

AJAY and ROLAND make their way through the foliage and come into a small clearing, where a cluster of caves is carved into the rock. Ajay freezes, gesturing ahead, to the cave on the far left.

Roland pulls up a handful of grass and releases it on the breeze. It floats back between his legs. That's good.

He proceeds toward the cave, carefully, Ajay behind him. They can see the partially eaten leg of a creature. It's old, crawling with white maggots and flies.
Roland continues on. Closer to the cave, he passes the skull of a large animal, some of the flesh and green skin still adhering to the bone. It, too, is covered with flies.

Still he continues on. A short rise leads into the cave, and they edge up it. From the inside the cave, they can hear odd SQUEAKING sound, very high-pitched.

Crawling now, Roland and Ajay scale a four-foot circular rampart of dried mud, and peer into - -

- - the tyrannosaur nest. It's flattened inside, about ten feet in diameter, completely encircled by earthen walls.

A BABY TYRANNOSAUR, about four and a half feet long, is in the center of the nest. It has a large head, very large eyes, and its body is covered with a fluffy red down, which gives it a scraggly appearance.

It SQUEAKS repeatedly, tearing awkwardly at the remains of a chuck of animal flesh,

biting decisively with tiny, sharp teeth.

The care itself is a foul boneyard. ANIMAL CARCASSES litter the edges, flies BUZZ in the captive air. Roland raises a bandana to his nose to cover the stench. He turns to Ajay and WHISPERS.

ROLAND
It's the rex nest.

Ajay nods. The baby tyrannosaur hears the whispers and looks up, cocking its head in curiosity.

ROLAND (cont'd)
Infant's probably only a few weeks old. Never been out of the nest. Offspring that young, parents won't leave it for long.

He looks around anxiously.

AJAY
Make a blind here? Wait for the buck to return?

ROLAND
(shakes his head no)
If the nest is upwind, so are we. When he comes back, he'll know we're here before we have a chance. The trick - -

In the nest below, the baby SQUEAKS angrily at the intruders.

ROLAND (cont'd)
- - is to get him to come where we want him.

The baby SQUEAKS again, indignant. Roland turns and looks down at it. Thinking.

CUT TO:
51 EXT RIDGE NIGHT

As darkness falls, the hunters have established base camp in an area they have trampled and cleared just below the ridge. Blue laser fences encircle the perimeter.

Half a dozen tents are set up around a central campfire.

The vehicles are all parked at one end, away from the tents. At the other end, there is a row of at least a dozen "capture containers," cages that hold the fruits of their roundup.

Up on the ridge, MALCOLM has his hand securely around SARAH'S waist as she stands near the edge of the ridge, looking down at the scene through binoculars. VOICE waft up to them, raucous, LAUGHING, and some SINGING.

SARAH
Carninthosaurus - - compsognathus - - triceratops - - pachycephalosaurus - -

looks like they went for herbivores
or small scavengers.

She starts to get dizzy and steps back, a hand to her head. She looks at Malcolm, irritated with herself.

SARAH (cont'd)
Sorry. Can't help it.

KELLY looks at her, concerned.

KELLY
Are you okay?

Sarah smiles gamely and takes her hand.

MALCOLM
This is why Hammond was in such a hurry to get you here. He knew they were coming.

EDDIE also has binoculars.

EDDIE
My God, they're well organized. Every piece of gear, state of the art.

MALCOLM
I can't believe Peter Ludlow's running all this.

NICK speaks up, looking through binoculars of his own.

NICK
He isn't. Check out the guy walking past the fire.

Malcolm takes his binoculars and peers down at the camp.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS,

he sees ROLAND, who's walking with AJAY, weapons and equipment slug over their shoulders.

NICK (o.s.)
I've run into this guy before. In Brazil. He was spearhunting jaguars. Said it was immoral to go after them any other way. Thinking he's a hunter/philosopher. He's the one in charge.

BACK ON THE RIDGE,

EDDIE
Night is falling, people. We should get back to base camp.

MALCOLM
Absolutely. We've indulged our curiosity long enough. Kelly and I are going back to the trailers with Eddie to send the radio call for the boat. Who's coming?

SARAH
We haven't come close to finishing our work yet.

MALCOLM
Your work has been invalidated by their presence. What Hammond needed to sway the public opinion was a record of his Lost World - - before it was found. It's too late for that.

NICK
Look, you might as well know, Hammond told me these guys might show up. He honestly thought we'd have time to finish before they got here. But, in case we didn't, he sent a back-up plan.

SARAH
What back-up plan?

NICK
Me.

SMACK! He drops his pack on a rock and ZIPS it open, pulling out some of the tools he loaded back in the garage - - a bolt cutter. A hunting knife. A pry bar.

EDDIE
Why, Nick! You are a tree-hugger.

MALCOLM
Sarah. I must get Kelly off this island now. So, I'll ask you one more time, and not again - - are you coming with us?

She looks from him to Nick, who shoves implements of destruction into a tool belt and straps on.

SARAH
I can't let them get away with it, Ian.

KELLY
What are you guys going to do?!

MALCOLM
Wait, please, listen to me. We are teetering on the edge of a very unstable situation here. It's Gambler's Ruin.

SARAH
(here he goes again)
What?

MALCOLM
A statistical phenomenon. Says everything in the world goes in streaks. It's real, you see it everywhere - - in baseball, in blackjack, in stock markets. Once things go bad, they tend to stay bad. Bad things cluster. They go to hell together.

NICK
They're about to. For them.

He goes to the edge of the ridge and waits, holding out is hand for Sarah. She walks to the edge and pauses, looking down, frightened.

NICK (cont'd)
Where'd you get this fear of heights?

Sarah looks back at Malcolm, who's staring at her angrily.

SARAH
From dating tall men.

She takes a deep breath, grabs Nick's hand, and goes over the edge.

CUT TO:
52 INT TENT - HUNTERS' CAMP NIGHT

In the hunters' supply tent, a case of scotch sits open amid crate after crate of weapons and ammunition. PETER LUDLOW reaches in and pulls a bottle out.

53 EXT JUNGLE NIGHT

In the jungle, LUDLOW approaches, a small clearing. ROLAND is bent over a stake in the ground, chaining something to it. It's the BABY TYRANNOSAUR, alive and kicking, SQUEALING in protest. Roland looks up.

ROLAND
Incentive.

Ludlow laughs and shakes his head. Half in the bag, he takes a drink and offers Roland one. Roland declines. Ludlow notices Roland's gun leaning against a tree.

LUDLOW
What kind of gun is that?

ROLAND
My father's .600 Nitro Express. Made in 1904. Karimojo Bell gave it to him after he took down his last elephant. 8700 foot pounds of striking force, each barrel.

LUDLOW

How close do you have to be?

ROLAND
Forty yards. Less, maybe. I assume it'll take a slug in the brain case to bring him down.

LUDLOW
Why not just use a scope and a poison dart and snipe him from the hill?

Roland looks at him disdainfully.

ROLAND
Or a laser from from a satellite?

Behind Ludlow, something SCURRIES through the underbrush. Ludlow jumps back a step, wobbling, the liquor getting to him. He leans down, close to the baby rex, and examines it while it thrashes on its chain. Its mouth has been bound with a leather strap.

LUDLOW
You think this'll draw the adult?

ROLAND
Never underestimate the parental instinct. I once saw a bull elephant kill itself charging a jeep. All the jeep had done was startle the bull's calves. I saw a lioness carry wounded prey four and a half miles, all
the way back to its den, just to
teach its cubs to finish off a kill.

LUDLOW
Killing lessons? Heartwarming.

ROLAND
Rex won't be any different. It'll come.

Ludlow takes another drink and shakes his head.

LUDLOW
You're kidding yourself, or I'd be worried. An adult T-rex doesn't care about its young, it cares about one thing - - filling its own belly. It acts the way people's fascinated by it. If people had the chance to see one dinosaur and one only, ninety-nine percent would choose the tyrannosaur. Now that's something to build a theme park around.

ROLAND
You could never contain it.

LUDLOW
Sure, there's sedatives for that, growth inhibitors, surgery to shorten its tendons, make it immobile.
(bends down, close to the baby rex)
But you wouldn't be any trouble at all, would you? And the entire world would pay to watch you grow up. You're a billion dollar idea, my little f-

With a sudden WHOOSH, another animal scampers through the underbrush right behind Ludlow. Scared, he spins around, to get away from it, but he looses his balance, gets tangled up in his own feet - -

- - and steps right on top of the baby rex's leg. The bone breaks with a dry SNAP and the animals HOWLS in pain.

Roland lunges forward, shoves Ludlow out of the way, and bends over the injured animal. It HOWLS in pain, its leg bent at an odd angle.

ROLAND
Damn it, you've broken its leg!

He reaches out and snatches the bottle of scotch away from him. Ludlow, angry and embarrassed, turns abruptly and stalks away, back towards the camp. Roland watches him go, disgusted.

CUT TO:

54 EXT EDGE OF HUNTER'S CAMP NIGHT

At the edge of the hunters' camp NICK and SARAH scramble down a hillside and stop at the edge of the laser barriers. There are three beams, each about two feet apart, the tallest almost six feet off the ground.

Nick reaches the edge and crouches. Sarah steps up onto his back and jumps over the top, landing with a CRUNCH. Nick backs up a few steps, jogs towards the lasers, and does the Fosbury Flops right over the top.

55 IN THE CAMP,

they creep along, hiding behind a stack of fuel barrels. They lean around the edge for a look. They're directly behind the row of vehicles.

They move into the open, covering the ground between them and the jeep. Reaching them, Nick hits the dirt and wriggles under the first one. Sarah stands lookout.

UNDER THE JEEP,

Nick pulls the bolt cutter from his back pocket. He squirms along until he finds the jeep's fuel line - -

- - and he snips it. He ducks out of the way just as the stream of fuel begins to pour into the dirt.

SARAH,

moves slowly down the line, standing watch as Nick crawls out from under the first jeep and proceeds to the second.

She hears another SNIP, then keeps moving, to cover him as he moves to the third. She hears the sound in the distance, a faint, high-pitched SCREECHING.

56 EXT JUNGLE CLEARING NIGHT

It's the baby T-rex, still SCREECHING. Up in a nearby tree, ROLAND and AJAY have spread some broken branches crosswise to form a high hide of their own about ten feet off the ground.

They wait.

Roland raises his binoculars. The light of the camp spills all the way out here, illuminating some of the jungle. He scans it, searching for any signs of movement.

57 EXT HUNTERS' CAMP NIGHT

Back in the camp, SARAH and NICK have finished with all the vehicles and the motor pool area is now soggy lake of spilled gasoline.

The saboteurs walk casually across the camp, unnoticed in the drunken revelry. They pass several tents, the shadows of the partiers visible as they move inside. They continue across the camp and arrive at the other side - -

- - to face the caged animals. The carinthosaur that was tranquilized earlier stands there dully, eyes heavy and glassy, still under the effects. They pass a stegosaur, its row of fins bristling.

And finally they reach the largest cage, which houses a triceratops the size of a pickup truck.

Nick pulls out his trusty bolt cutters. He looks at Sarah, a glint in his eye.

NICK
Hang on. We may encounter some turbulence.

58 INT HUNTERS' TENT NIGHT

In one of the hunter tents, PETER LUDLOW leans over the satellite recon pictures of the island, planning the next day's assault with DIETER and DR. BURKE, their paleontologist. There are small wooden dinosaur models scattered around the photos, indicating where certain species can be found.

BURKE
The good news is we're already more than sixty percent of the way through our manifest for this trip - -

LUDLOW
And the bad news?

BURKE
That evidence of thanatocoenses I thought I saw from the helicopter was in fact the remains of the ankylosaur herd. A predator must

have driven them off the cliff, so I'm afraid they are, once again, extinct. And our veterinarian inadvertently sedated two hadrosaurs right into a coma - -

LUDLOW
That's inexcusable.

BURKE
Not really, tranquilizing is an inexact science, it's completely dependent on the metabolism of the individual animal and since no one had any - - any - -

He trails off. A low RUMBLING sound can be heard outside, and the little wooden dinosaur start shaking on the board. They look at each other. The RUMBLING gets louder. Outside, someone SHOUTS; on the board, the little dinosaurs start hopping and bouncing from the vibrations, the SHOUTS outside turn to SCREAMS, they turn and look at the back of the tent - -

- - and the triceratops bursts right through the canvas!

59 EXT CAMP NIGHT

HUNTERS go flying as the tent-covered triceratops, its horns tearing through the canvas, RUMBLES across the camp. Men SHOUT in alarm, the triceratops BELLOWS in anger and confusion, chaos reigns.

In the crush of PEOPLE running every which way. SARAH is swept off in one direction while NICK is buffeted in another. They SHOUT, but cannot be heard over the fray.

The triceratops, blinded by the canvas shroud, stomps right through the fire in the middle of the camp AND THE TENT BURSTS INTO FLAME.

Now really upset, the animal panics and lashes out in all directions, blasting through tents, demolishing and/or setting ablaze anything that gets in its way. Its considerable hindquarter SLAMS into a parked jeep. Sending it rolling across the camp.

The jeep flattens the largest tent and SLAMS down on its side. Its broken gas line SPRAYS gas over the ground, the gas hits one of the dozens of small blazes the triceratops has left in its wake, and the flame shoots up the ribbon of gas.

The jeep explodes.

60 OUT IN THE JUNGLE CLEARING,

Roland and Ajay, up in the tree, leap to their feet as a fireball rises up from the camp in the distance.

Suddenly, the entire burning jeep comes flying over the treetops and CRASHES to the jungle floor nearby.

ROLAND
What in God's - - !

61 BACK IN THE CAMP,

the rest of the newly-freed animals now storm through the camp. The blue laser barriers bounce crazily and go out as the sending units are trampled underfoot by the fleeing animals.

62 AT THE EDGE OF CAMP,

Nick takes advantage of the downed lasers to slip past the borders of the camp and disappear into the jungle in one direction, while Sarah vanishes in the other.

The burning tent, which was the equipment tent, now detonates in a series of smaller EXPLOSIONS.

Dieter and several others are knocked to the ground by the series of concussive blasts.

He drags himself up onto all fours, charred and bruised. A burning tire roll's slowly past him, spinning to a stop - -

- - at ROLAND'S feet. Dieter looks up at him.

ROLAND
Last time I leave you in charge.

63 OUT IN THE JUNGLE,

Nick breaks out into the jungle clearing, the same one where Ajay and Roland had their blind. He sees the baby tyrannosaur chained to the stake. It BLEATS in pain and Nick notices its wounded leg hanging at an odd angle.

NICK
Sick Bastards.

With one strong tug, he pulls the stake out of the ground.

64 BACK IN THE CAMP,

Roland surveys the destruction. The fire has spread and several tents are now tongues of flame flapping in the air, the animals are gone or going, and their personnel are scattered and terrified. PETER LUDLOW, breathless, face smeared with dirt and smoke, staggers up to Roland.

LUDLOW
What in Christ's name is going on?!

ROLAND
Isn't it obvious?

He holds up the snapped padlock from one of the animal cages.

ROLAND (cont'd)
We're not alone on this island.

Cut to:
65 EXT JUNGLE NIGHT

SARAH races back up onto the ridge trail, where the green AAV is parked. NICK bursts around from the other side of the car.

SARAH
Nick, thank God, I didn't know if - -

She opens the door.

NICK
Wait, don't –

With a piercing SHRIEK, the BABY TYRANNOSAUR, now in the back of the AAV, flings itself at the open door, jaws SNAPPING just short of her nose.

Sarah SHRIEKS and SLAMS the door.

66 DOWN IN THE HUNTERS' CAMP,
Roland hears the commotion up on the ridge and looks up.

ROLAND
Do we have anyone up there?

67 BACK UP ON THE RIDGE,

Sarah SHOUTS at Nick.

SARAH
Are you out of your mind?!

NICK
It has a broken leg! Get in the car before they hear us!

They leap into the front sear of the car.

CUT TO:
68 INT TRAILERS NIGHT

Back at base camp, MALCOLM and Kelly come into the trailer. Malcolm goes straight to the elaborate radio console and hits a series of switches. The console blinks to life, a large dial in the middle illuminating the frequency selector. Malcolm sits down and hits the volume switch. LATIN MUSIC comes over the speakers.

MALCOLM
Damn, it's not set on the frequency.

Kelly finds a log book on the shelf in front of him. She RIPS the velcro straps off and opens it.

KELLY
Look in here.

CUT TO:
69 EXT JUNGLE NIGHT

The AAV SLAPS through the jungle foliage. From inside the car, we can hear the baby tyrannosaur SCREAMING in anger.

70 INT AAV NIGHT

The baby writhes on the back seat, SCREECHING. SARAH leans over the seat, past the

animal.

NICK
What you doing?!

SARAH
Closing the window! It's going to wake every predator in the jungle!

She leans over the enraged animal and cranks up its window. IT thrashes and CRIES. Outside, the listening jungle whizzes by.

70A EXT HIGH HIDE NIGHT

Up in the high hide, EDDIE stands watching, scanning the jungle for any sign of his returning comrades. He yanks the night-vision binoculars away from his face as he spots the AAV, pulling up to the base camp a couple hundred yards away. He furrows his brow, watching them pull the wounded animal from the back seat.

EDDIE
What the hell was that?

72 INT TRAILER NIGHT

KELLY and MALCOLM have the logbook open and are running a finger down a column of numbers.

MALCOLM
Ah. Here.

He reaches out to the frequency modulator and turns the dial, whizzing through various NOISE and STATIC on his way to the appropriate number. He's almost there when - -

- - SARAH and NICK burst through the door of the trailer, carrying the SCREAMING infant with them.

SARAH
Hi, Ian. No lectures, please.

Malcolm's jaw drops open but no words come out as Sarah and Nick bring the baby rex to the metal dining table and hold it down.

KELLY
Wow!

Sarah yanks open a drawer of medical supplies, holding a small syringe. Her shirt is streaked with blood from the baby's injured leg.

SARAH
Hold him tighter, Nick!

Nick tightens his grip on the animal and Sarah makes an injection into its thigh, over its loudly voiced objections. Finally, Malcolm finds words.

MALCOLM
I am aghast.

Sarah picks up a small ultrasound transducer and runs it over the animal's leg. A

green and white skeletal image appears on a monitor next to the table.

SARAH
Okay, there's the metatarsals - -
tibia, fibula - - there it is! See
it? That's a fracture, just above
the epiphysis.

MALCOLM
What do I have to do with you people,
hit you with a stick?

Kelly, intrigued, peers closely at the monitor Sarah's using.

KELLY
You mean that little black line?

SARAH
That little black line means death
for this infant. The fibula won't
heal straight, so the ankle joint
can't pivot when he stands on his
hind feet. The baby won't be able to
run, and probably can't even walk.
It'll be crippled, and a predator
will pick it off before it gets more
than a few weeks old.

MALCOLM
Kelly, come on. Up to the high hide,
you'll be safer there.
(to Sarah and Nick)
I'll be back in two minutes and I
will personally put that animal out.

73 EXT BASE CAMP NIGHT

Malcolm leads Kelly quickly out of the trailer and across the camp.

74 INT TRAILER NIGHT

Nick and Sarah are still working.

NICK
Can you set it?

SARAH
(thinking)
It has to be temporary, something
that'll break apart and fall off as
the animal grows . . .

The tyrannosaur, still in pain, SHRIEKS again.

75 EXT HIGH HIDE NIGHT

With the soft WHIR of the electric winch, the high hide rises up to its full height again, now bearing EDDIE, KELLY, and MALCOLM. Even up here, the baby rex's SCREECHES are plainly audible.

EDDIE
What are they doing in there?

MALCOLM
You're much happier not knowing.

From inside the trailer, the baby lets out a long, plaintive SHRIEK - -

- - which is answered by a ROAR from the jungle.

One by one, Eddie, Kelly, and Malcolm turn and stare into the night jungle. Malcolm grabs the radio from Eddie.

MALCOLM
Sarah! Nick! Get that baby as far away from the trailer as you can, RIGHT NOW! Do you hear me?!

No answer. Enraged, Malcolm hurls the radio back to Eddie. There are ropes tied to the four corners of the hide, for quick descents, and Malcolm now hurls one of the ropes over the edge.

KELLY
Dad?

She grabs hold of him, holding on to his arm with both hands.

MALCOLM
I'm sorry, Kelly, I have to go back there!

KELLY
No, stay here!

MALCOLM
This is the safest place you can be, believe me! Kelly, please - - I'm sorry - -

He has to literally pry her fingers loose from his arm.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
I'm sorry. I will be back for you.

76 INT TRAILER NIGHT

Nick holds the animal while Sarah fits an aluminum foil cuff around its injured leg and paints it with a coating of resin. The animal thrashes again.

NICK
Give it more morphine!

SARAH
We'll kill it with too much, we'll put it into respiratory arrest! I'm almost done. Damn it, I need another adhesive, something pliable I can - -

Her eyes fall on Nick's mouth. She holds out her hand, urgently.

SARAH (cont'd)
Spit!

He spits his bubble gum into the palm of her hand. The baby rex CRIES OUT again.

77 EXT HIGH HIDE NIGHT

From the swaying jungle, there is another answering ROAR. And this one's closer.

In the high hide, Eddie and Kelly, stare trembling. In the distance, a flock of birds SHRIEK and takes flight as the tops of some trees move, a whole section of forest suddenly coming alive, as if brushed by wind.

But it's not the wind.

They hear noises, THUDS in the jungle. And then another section of forest trembles. Closer.

Another flock of birds burst out of the treetops and swarms past the high hide.

KELLY
It's moving. Fast.

Eddie instinctively pulls Kelly closer to him. He WHISPERS urgently into the walkie-talkie.

EDDIE
Sarah, come in!

As he talks, whatever is moving in the trees gets closer still, until the trees right under the hide stir as the animal passes right below them.

78 INT TRAILER NIGHT

There is a radio box mounted on the far wall of the trailer. The speaker BUZZES urgently with Eddie's VOICE.

EDDIE (o.s.)
Sarah, Nick, can you hear me?

On the table, Sarah is frantically molding Nick's bubble gum into place on the makeshift splint. But the baby rex, regaining its strength, is thrashing again.

SARAH
Hold it down!

NICK
I'm trying.

EDDIE (o.s.)
Is anybody there?!

Nick moves to answer the radio, but Sarah SHOUTS to him.

SARAH
Get the bottle of amoxicillin and

fill a syringe! Quick injection of antibiotics and I can get it out of here!

79 EXT BASE CAMP NIGHT

Malcolm runs as fast as he can, across the base camp and toward the trailer.

80 INT TRAILER NIGHT

Sarah, syringe in hand, makes an injection into the baby's thigh. Eddie's voice comes from the radio again.

EDDIE (o.s.)
WHATEVER YOU BROUGHT INTO THE TRAILER, GET IT OUT NOW!

The door to the trailer SMACKS open, startling them. Malcolm lunges inside and, in the same motion, the door BANG shut behind him.

MALCOLM
Mommy's very angry.

He runs to the infant and grabs hold of it, but a deafening ROAR sounds just outside of the trailer, followed immediately by a CRASHING sound. They whirl and look to the window, just in time to see - -

- -the AAV tumbling by, rolling on its side!

There is another ROAR and the baby, in Malcolm's arms, ROARS in response.

Outside the window, the head of a full-grown TYRANNOSAURUS REX lowers and peers inside.

Malcolm, Sarah, and Nick all freeze in absolute terror.

The rex outside GURGLES, making maternal cooing noises. The baby rex, calm for the firs time, GURGLES back.

But across the trailer, in the opposite window, ANOTHER T-REX HEAD SUDDENLY APPEARS. This one ROARS, deeply, a roar so low and loud it rattles anything in the trailer that isn't tied down.

MALCOLM
Make that mommy and daddy.

NICK
What do they want?!

MALCOLM
What do you think they want?!

SARAH
That's impossible, they can't have the sensory equipment to track it all the way here!

MALCOLM
Current evidence seems to be to the

contrary, wouldn't you say?! GIVE IT TO THEM!

Nick, hands shaking, grabs the shoulder video camera he used earlier. He scoops up a tape and tries to load it with trembling hands.

Sarah and Malcolm lift the baby and carry it to the other end of the trailer. Outside, the two adult rexes stay with them, walking in the same direction, watching them through the windows.

81 EXT TRAILERS NIGHT

Seen from outside, the light inside the trailers clearly illuminates Sarah and Malcolm as they carry the baby rex. The adult rexes tower over the trailer, twice as tall and nearly as long. They walk slowly alongside it, hunched over, watching their infant.

82 INT TRAILERS NIGHT

At the door to the trailer, Sarah un-muzzles the frantic baby. Despite her fear, Sarah is trembling with excitement as well as she watches the animals move outside the windows.

SARAH
This isn't hunting behavior! Not hunting - - they're searching, Ian! They do want their baby! They do! This is proof positive of what I was talking about!

MAlCOLM
I'm so happy for you.

SARAH
Ready?

Malcolm reaches for the door handle.

Nick is still fumbling with the camera, his hands shaking so violently he can't get the tape in.

Outside, the enormous rex head pause for a moment, staring surprised. Although terrified, Sarah actually starts to sing.

SARAH
(softly)
Born free, as free as the wind blows. As free as the grass grows - -

MALCOLM
Are you insane?!

SARAH
I swear to God, it works with lions sometimes! There we are - - your baby is free - -

The baby, excited, wriggles free of them and hands on the ground outside. Not wasting a second, Malcolm SLAMS the door shut.

The three of them freeze, not daring to breathe. Outside, they can hear the SNUFFLING and COOING of the animals as they inspect their young - -

- - and then the soft THUD of their footsteps, growing fainter as they move away.

From the wall, EDDIE'S VOICE comes over the radio, relieved.

EDDIE (o.s.)
They're going back into the jungle.

CUT TO:
83 EXT HIGH HIDE NIGHT

EDDIE and KELLY sag back against the railings of the high hide.

EDDIE
Thank God. Thank God.

MALCOLM'S VOICE comes over the radio.

MALCOLM (o.s.)
Kelly? Are you all right?

She takes the radio, her voice shaky.

KELLY
Uh huh.

MALCOLM (o.s.)
Wait there. I'll come up in a minute. Don't move, understand?

KELLY
I understand.

CUT TO:
84 INT TRAILER NIGHT

Finally, Nick gets the tape into his video camera. MALCOLM slumps against the wall of the trailer. SARAH and Nick sit on the floor leaning against the opposite wall, completely drained.

MALCOLM
You know, I beg people to listen to me. I use plain, simple English. I have no accent that I'm aware of . . .

SARAH
Oh, shut up.

MALCOLM
That should be an interesting chapter in your book.

SARAH
Forget the chapter - -it's a whole new book. The debate over the

parental instincts of Tyrannosaurus rex is now closed.

NICK
There's an unwritten rule when a news crew is in a war zone. You stop the van every two miles and decide whether or not you feel lucky. One "no" from anybody in the group and you turn around right there, no questions asked, nobody embarrassed. So. Do we go on?

All three of them say "no" at once, then burst out laughing. Malcolm goes to the desk and picks up the radio microphone.

But from the wall speaker, EDDIE'S VOICE breaks through, soft and empty.

EDDIE (o.s.)
Oh, God. I am so sorry.

They look at each other. What's he sorry for?

MALCOLM
Kelly.

He gets up, opens the door, and steps outside. But almost immediately, he returns, backing into the trailer, very slowly.

He backs up the steps and closes the door softly behind him.

SARAH
Ian?

MALCOLM
(ashen)
Hang on. This is going to be bad!

Before she can ask - -

- - something huge SMASHES into the side of the trailer.

The whole side implodes and they're thrown against the far wall. There is an earsplitting CRACK of electricity, the entire trailer rocks and sparks a brilliant blue, and then everything goes black, INCLUDING THE RADIO CONSOLE.

Nick crawls over and looks out of the windows. Outside, the flank of one of the tyrannosaurs wipes past the window, revealing the second tyrannosaur, charging straight at the trailer!

NICK
HANG ON TO SOMETHING!

They hurl themselves at the nearest solid object and hang on for dear life.

The charging rex SLAMS into the side of the trailer, which rocks up on one side. BANGS back down, and is quickly RAMMED again by the furious animal. This time the entire trailer rolls over, completely upside down.

Sarah, Nick, and Malcolm let go of their precarious handholds and drop onto the ceiling.

The tables, chairs, lab equipment, everything that's bolted down clings to the floor above them; everything that isn't RAINS DOWN ON THEM.

But the rexes aren't done. The trailer JOLTS INTO MOTION, sliding forward.

85 SEEN FROM OUTSIDE,

the upside down trailer, which is the rear of the two trailers, slides along the muddy ground, pushing up earth in front of it.

86 IN THE TRAILER,

SARAH
They're pushing us!

Malcolm, frantic, crawls to a window to get a look outside. He looks down and sees the T-rex footprint in the earth outside as they move past it.

He cranks his head to get a look at the direction in which they are being pushed.

His eyes widen at something he sees outside the window.

MALCOLM
Oh, God. They're pushing us over the cliff.

On the word "cliff" Sarah snaps her head towards Malcolm, utter panic raking her face.

The three of the crawl like hell towards the front of the trailer.

The opposite end of the trailer reaches the edge of the cliff and starts to tip ever so slightly downward. Malcolm sees Sarah's torn and muddy backpack. His eyes light with an idea and scrambles over to it.

87 THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD OF THE FRONT TRAILER,

which is right-side-up, Nick can see the two rexes hard at it, pushing the front end of the trailer.

88 IN THE REAR TRAILER,

Nick has pretty good grip at the top of the trailer, but Sarah can only cling to an air vent in the ceiling as stuff starts to roll and tumble past her, headed downhill.

The angle increases, the trailer dips, and now stuff starts to free fall, right past her, some SMASHING her in the head.

In the chaos, Malcolm manages to get hold of Sarah's pack and tears it open.

He finds her satellite phone, still attached to its heavy base. He hits a button and the green number pad lights up promisingly.

The trailer continues to tip. Sarah, starting to be pulled downward, paws at the refrigerator, getting a grip on the handle. The door, held by a safety latch,

doesn’t open.

Below now the trailer goes upright. The refrigerator bolts suddenly CRUNCH free from the wall.

The box strains on its power cord.

Still clinging to the handle, Sarah swings wildly as it starts to come loose, swaying above her.

The safety latch on the door gives, it swings open, and a shower of food BANGS off of her as gravity empties the contents.

Debris flies everywhere, some of it SMASHING into Malcolm, pounding the satellite phone right out of his hands.

Sarah loses her grip and plummets through the new vertical trailer. She SCREAMS, covers her head, and SMASHES into the rear window. The glass spider webs, but does not break.

89 FIVE HUNDRED FEET BELOW,

an enormous wave POUNDS the rocky shore. Above, Sarah is a tiny figure, sprawled out on the glass, held invisibly by the breaking window.

90 IN THE TRAILER,

Nick and Malcolm SHOUT to her.

MALCOLM
SARAH!

NICK
DON’T MOVE!

Sarah, stunned by the fall, blinks a few times, regaining her senses. She looks down, at the crashing surf so far below.

For a person with a fear of heights, this is a real drag.

As she stares, the rocks seem to move even farther away from her. She blanches; the world spins around her.

SARAH
Oh . . . please . . . no . . .

Her breath fogs the cracked glass. Slowly, she tries to get up, carefully pulling herself up to her hands and knees.

But as she puts pressure on her hands, the glass CRACKS even more, tiny spider webs shooting out around her fingers. The whole glass panel sags, bowing out around the bottom of the trailer.

UP ABOVE HER,

MALCOLM
Hang on! I can reach you!

He looks from her over to the satellite phone, which is precariously balance on the leg of the kitchen table, its number pad still glowing green.

MALCOLM (cont’d)

Nick! The satellite phone! Get it!

Malcolm starts lowering himself towards Sarah.

SARAH

looks to her right, at a metal grating that runs along the wall of the trailer. She shifts her weight, leaning on one hand to reach for the grating with the other.

NICK

crawls down and reaches for the satellite phone, its antenna just six inches from his outstretched fingers.

MALCOLM

crawls down towards Sarah as fast as he can.

SARAH

leans toward the metal grating, and hairline cracks shoot out around her pivot hand, snaking through the glass. The splintered glass spreads like a disease, reaching the edge of the frame.

NICK

has two fingers on the phone, but suddenly the whole trailer shudders and the heavy phone tips off the table leg and falls.

NICK
LOOK OUT!

The phone SMASHES into the glass below, completely taking out the back window. Sarah falls through, SCREAMING, but Malcolm lunges - -

- - AND CATCHES HER BY THE HAND!

91 UNDERNEATH THE TRAILER.

glass, food, lab equipment, and the precious satellite phone fall out of the broken window and SMASH on the rocks far below.

Sarah dangles out of the bottom of the trailer, held only by Malcolm’s tenuous grip of her hand.

92 IN THE CLEARING,

the trailers are split, like an L, the rear trailer hanging straight down, the forward on resting on the edge of the cliff. Satisfied with their work, the T-rexes turn and lumber back into the jungle.

93 IN THE TRAILER,

Malcolm struggles mightily to haul Sarah back up. She reaches up with her free hand and finally gets hold of the metal grating.

94 ON THE CLIFFSIDE,

we realize the hanging trailer halted its descent because one corner of its wedged

in the branches of a tree that grows out from the muddy cliff.

But now those branches SPLINTER.

95 IN THE TRAILER,

Nick sees the bellows, the connector between the trailers, stretch as the lower trailer JERKS and dips lower.

NICK
Oh God.

BELOW HIM,

Sarah pulls herself up inside and she and Malcolm mountain-climb through the trailer's kitchen. Sarah inadvertently kicks the faucet on as she struggles for purchase.

96 OUTSIDE,

the tree branch SNAPS and the trailer jerks, stretching down again. The bellows expands to its full length, stretching like a Slink.

97 INSIDE,

Sarah slips and loses her grip, dropping a few feet. She grabs hold of the sink, the flowing water spraying her face.

98 EXT JUNGLE NIGHT

EDDIE CARR is in the driver's seat of the jeep, racing through the jungle as fast as he can.

EDDIE
Hang on - - hang on - -

The foliage SMACKS the windshield, then clears suddenly, revealing the endangered trailers on the cliffside ahead of him. The jeep bounces through the deep footprint left by the rex and SKIDS to a halt.

99 INT TRAILER NIGHT

Sarah loses her grip on the sink and falls, SMASHING into the frame of the half-broken rear window again.

100 OUTSIDE,

Eddie bolts out of the car and runs to the front trailer. He SHOUTS in through the broken front window.

EDDIE
HEY! HELLO?!

101 IN THE REAR TRAILER,

The three look up from their precarious positions.

MALCOLM
WE'RE IN HERE! GET SOME ROPE!

102 OUTSIDE,

Eddie turns and runs back to the jeep. He grabs a coil of rope, secures one end around a tree, and hurries back to the trailer.

103 IN THE FRONT TRAILER,

Eddie dashes over the mess in the front trailer and crawls out into the extended connector. He peers over the edge, down into the second trailer, and tosses the rope.

EDDIE
Catch!

The rope falls through the center of the trailer, its end dangling all the way out the smashed rear window. But the trailer SHUDDERS, starting to move again.

SARAH
We're sliding!

EDDIE
Climb up if you can!

104 OUTSIDE,

Eddie runs out of the trailer in time to see the wheels dragging forward through the mud as the weight of the dangling trailer pulls the whole thing toward the edge of the cliff.

He runs for the jeep and grabs hold of the power winch on the front grill.

Eddie races back to the trailer, pulling out a length of cable behind him. He runs up to the still-moving trailer, dives for its towing hook, the cable goes taut - -

- - and he falls short. Just by six inches, but he's out of cable.

EDDIE
Damn it!

105 INSIDE THE TRAILER,

Malcolm and Sarah are now together, clinging to the rope near the bottom of the trailer as it shifts around them. Nick is further up, also clinging to the rope.

106 OUTSIDE,

dirt and rocks pile up around the wheels and spill over the edge of the cliff.

Eddie, back in the jeep, reels out more winch cable. He turns and races back to the trailer just as gravity starts to LIFT THE FRONT END OFF THE GROUND!

Eddie dives again, and this time the cable hook CLICKS securely into the trailer's towing hook.

The trailer lurches toward the edge of the cliff and stops.

But the jeep is jerked forward by the sudden pressure.

107 IN THE TRAILER,

Nick clings to the rope in the middle of the trailer while Malcolm and Sarah try to struggle up it, but a sudden dip knocks them back, and their hands slide down the line.

SCREAMING, they slide through the trailer and their feet SMASH through the remains of the rear window.

Regaining hold of the rope at the very end, the two of them now find themselves hanging out of the rear end of the trailer, dangling over the rocky shore below.

108 IN THE JEEP,

Eddie hits the gas and the tires slosh in the mud, trying to get a grip. The jeep pulls just enough to lower the front trailer back to earth. But the tires spin, fighting to hold in there.

109 ON THE CLIFFSIDE,

Sarah and Malcolm dangle, desperate.

110 IN THE JEEP,

Eddie CHUCKS the shifter into four wheel drive and GUNS the engine. As the motor ROARS, the sound is topped by another ROAR, in the distance.

And this one's not a machine. But Eddie doesn't hear it. He guns the engine again. There is another ROAR from the jungle.

Eddie hears the one. He darts a look at the side view mirror. In it, he sees one of the TYRANNOSAURS bolt out of the jungle behind him.

He GASPS and looks at the other side view. In it, he sees the OTHER REX racing toward him.

The tyrannosaurs STOMP forward to confront the ROARING jeep. The first rex bends over, CHOMPS down the rear tire, and lifts the car in its teeth.

But the spinning tire ZINGS in the rex's mouth, burning it. Surprised by the fight in this foe, the rex loses its grip and the jeep BANGS back down onto the ground.

Eddie, horrified, dives down under the steering wheel, to get away. The gas pedal pops up - -

- - which makes the trailer pitch over the side of the cliff.

But the rex STOMPS down on the jeep to prevent its escape. The trailers stop.

Now the rexes lean down, over the jeep, and focus on Eddie, who still cowers under the steering column with it, leaving Eddie fully exposed.

He SCREAMS and the second rex lashes in, seizing him in its teeth and tossing him out of the car.

Eddie pops up into the air between the two rexes, both their heads flash at him at the same time, and in a split-second, he disappears between their teeth.

Now completely ignored, the jeep rolls freely forward and the trailers drop over

the edge of the cliff.

111 INSIDE THE TRAILERS,

Malcolm, Sarah, and Nick cling to each other and the rope as the trailers fall around them. The windows flash by as the trailers plummet, equipment BANGS and SCRAPES them, but they hold on to the rope, still tied to the tree, for dear life.

Sarah's lucky backpack falls, its strap looping around Malcolm's neck, choking him.

112 ON THE CLIFFSIDE,

the trailers slide the rest of the way, exposing the three, who pop out the space where the front windshield was.

Dangling from the rope, they look up and see the jeep, which is now rolling to the edge of the cliff.

It falls, past them, and the whole mess EXPLODES on the rocks below.

Finally, it is silent, except for the sound of the surf.

The three of them dangle there, suspended over their deaths. Slowly, they start the painful process of pulling themselves up.

But suddenly, from above them, a hand appears. Nick, who is closest to it, cranes his head back and looks up, sweat stinging his eyes, and sees - -

- - ROLAND. Now two more hands appear over the edge of the cliff. LUDLOW and DIETER. Grateful, Nick, Malcolm, and Sarah take their hands and are pulled to safety.

113 EXT HUNTERS' CAMP NIGHT

Back in the hunters' now-demolished camp, the survivors of the night's two separate catastrophes combine their diminished supplies.

They have a half a dozen large plastic containers of water, thirty-seven containers of food, ranging from ziploc bags to aluminum tin, a variety of weapons, most of them borne on the hips or shoulders of the HUNTER team, the charred and scraggly remnants of several pieces of now-useless electrical equipment, a flare fun and several flares, somebody's tattered paperback ("Crime and Punishment"), a box of Hershey bars, a carton of Marlboros, and Sarah's lucky backpack.

ROLAND supervises the assembling of the resources, which are displayed in front of him. LUDLOW, NICK, MALCOLM, and KELLY, held tightly by her father, are with him.

SARAH and DR. BURKE have found each other and consulting anxiously, heads nodding in agreement, while the other argue.

ROLAND
Our communication equipment's been destroyed. If your radio and satellite phone were in those trailers that went off the cliff - -

MALCOLM
They were.

ROLAND
Then we're stuck here, ladies and gentlemen, and stuck together. Thanks to you people.

NICK
Hey, we came here to observe, you came to strip-mine the place!
(to Dieter, who is staring him down)
Back off.

LUDLOW
At least we came prepared. And until you intentionally destroyed all our - -

MALCOLM
Prepared? Five years of work and a hundred miles of electrified fence couldn't prepare the other island, did you actually think a couple dozen Marlboro men would make a difference here?

NICK
It's a looter mentality. All you care about is what you can take. You have no right.

LUDLOW
An extinct animal that's brought back to life has no rights. It exists because we made it. We patented it. We own it.

NICK
(to Dieter)
Are you looking for a problem?

ROLAND
(recognizing Nick)
I know you. You're that little Earth First bastard, aren't you?

Sarah and Dr. Burke step in.

SARAH
Everyone, keep your voices down!

LUDLOW
Earth First? What's that?

ROLAND
They're professional saboteurs.

NICK
Environmentalists.

ROLAND
Criminals.

SARAH
Listen to me, by moving the baby rex into our camp, we may have changed the adults' perceived territory!

LUDLOW
Their what?

BURKE
That's why they persisted in destroying the trailers, they now feel they have to defend this entire area!

SARAH
We have to move. Right now.

NICK
Move where? Our boat, their airlift - - they're both waiting for an order we have no way to send.

Ludlow refers to the satellite photographs again.

LUDLOW
There's a communication center, here, in the operations building. It's the main structure in the old worker village. Hammond ran everything on geothermal power, it was never supposed to need replenishing. It should still work. If we can get there, we can send a radio call for the airlift.

NICK
How far is the village?

LUDLOW
A day's walk, maybe more. That's not the problem.

ROLAND
What is?

LUDLOW
The velociraptors.

Malcolm looks up sharply. While Ludlow spreads out one of the satellite reconnaissance maps, Malcolm shepherds Kelly away from the conversation and mutters something to her quietly in the background.

LUDLOW (cont'd)
Our infrareds show their nesting sites are concentrated in the island

interior. That's why we planned on keeping to the outer rim.

DIETER
What are velociraptors?

BURKE
Carnivores. Pack hunters. About two meters tall, long snouts, binocular vision, strong dexterous forearms, killing claws on both feet.

SARAH
And the rexes may continue to track us too, if they perceive a threat to themselves or the infant.

BURKE
No, you're wrong, they'll lose us once we're out of their territory.

SARAH
Don't bet on it. What about the olfactory cavity?

BURKE
What about it?

SARAH
A tyrannosaur has the largest proportional olfactory cavity of any creature in the fossil record except for one. A turkey vulture. It could scent at up to ten miles.

LUDLOW
I say we head for the village.

DIETER
I'm sure we can handle ourselves against these velociraptors.

MALCOLM
I'm quite sure you can't. We should head back down to the lagoon.

ROLAND
And do what? Sit out in the open, next to a heavily used water source, and hope your boat captain decides to come back on his own?

NICK
He won't. He knows better.

ROLAND
Then we head for the village. We might find some shelter and we can

call for help. The rexes just fed, so they won't stalk us for food. Predators don't hunt when they're not hungry.

NICK
No. Only humans do.

ROLAND
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Saddle up. Let's get this moveable feast underway.

CUT TO:

114 EXT JUNGLE NIGHT

The SURVIVORS set forth, marching through the jungle in a column.

Two HUNTERS strap on small shoulder-mounted servo-flashlights. Wires run from the lights and end in sensor pads which they stick on the skin of their necks.

Thus attached, when the hunters turn their heads, the servo-lights turn them, illuminating whatever direction they look in.

MALCOLM puts one arm around KELLY, pulls her tight, and they set off.

115 EXT JUNGLE NIGHT

A full moon rises as the humid night air settles over the jungle trees. Below, the foliage trembles as the column of MARCHERS make its way across the island.

116 EXT JUNGLE NIGHT

MALCOLM, one arm around KELLY, marches alongside PETER LUDLOW.

MALCOLM
Say, I haven't had a chance to wish you luck with your new business venture. You're off to a very promising start.

LUDLOW
My team is intact, Doctor. I'm sorry for the loss of your man. It's very easy to criticize someone who generates an idea. Someone who takes all the risks, who puts everything out on the - -

MALCOLM
You know, excuse me for interrupting, but when you try to sound like Hammond, it just comes off like a hustle, doesn't it? It's not your fault, they say talent skips a generation. I'm sure your kids'll be sharp as tacks.

LUDLOW
(fuming)

Hammond's reach exceeded his grasp.
Mine does not.

MALCOLM
Taking dinosaurs off this island is the worst idea in the whole long, sad history of bad ideas. I'm going to be there when you learn that.

CUT TO:

117 EXT JUNGLE NIGHT

The march continues, as the moonlight falls in great shafts between the thickening trees.

NEAR THE FRONT OF THE LINE,

NICK falls into stride beside ROLAND. Roland notices him and rolls his eyes.

NICK
Hey. You're a lot smarter than that empty suit you're working for. What are you doing here?

ROLAND
Somewhere on this island, there exists the greatest predator that ever lived. And the second greatest predator must take him down.

NICK
Or - - what? It'll take over the government?

Roland doesn't bother to answer, or look at Nick. Nick looks over at Roland's gun, still slung over his shoulder.

NICK (cont'd)
You plan on using that?

ROLAND
If you don't shut up.

NICK
I meant on the rex.
(reaches out for it)
May I see?

ROLAND
(calmly, not even looking)
Take that hand away.

Nick yanks his hand back. They march on. Nick's getting pissed off.

NICK
What's the matter with you? This animal exists on the planet for the first time in tens of millions of years, and the only way you can

express yourself is to kill it?

ROLAND
You remember that guy, about twenty years ago, I forgot his name, but he climbed Everest without any oxygen, came down almost dead. And they asked him, "Why did you go up there to die?" And he said, "I didn't. I went up there to live."

NICK
Yeah. The difference is the mountain didn't have to die.

CUT TO:
118 EXT JUNGLE DAWN

As a purple dawn dissolves the night sky, the SURVIVORS stagger on, exhausted. Some are starting to tire, and there are spaces in the column. ROLAND notices.

ROLAND
FIVE MINUTE BREAK!

Immediately, the marchers drop where they stood, absolutely drained. SARAH walks past Roland to sit on a rock beyond.

As she passes, he notices the blood smeared all over her overshirt. A palm brushes against Sarah's back as she walks past, and now it is smeared with a few drops of blood.

Roland sits next to her, sets his gun down, and gestures to the bloodied shirt.

ROLAND
You're injured?

SARAH
Huh? No, it's from the baby. I set its broken leg. Doesn't seem to dry in this humidity.

Roland nods, thinking. He takes off one of his boots and shakes out some pebbles.

ROLAND
You've been wearing it all night?

SARAH
Yeah.
(pause)
Why?

Across from them, LUDLOW, holding the satellite map, calls out.

LUDLOW
Roland! C'mere a minute.

Roland gets up and goes over to consult with him, taking the map away. Nick comes and sits next to Sarah.

NICK
Making friends with Ahab?

Nick notices Roland's gun, untended, leaning against the rock.

NICK (cont'd)
Look! His killing stick!

BEHIND THEM,

DR. BURKE sits down on a rock. He does a double take, noticing something behind the rock. He leans over and picks it up. It's an oval shape about eight inches long, with a pebbled exterior. A dinosaur egg.

Burke's face lights up, fascinated, and he carefully places the egg in a satchel he wears over one shoulder.

AT THE REAR OF THE GROUP,

DIETER STARK pulls a wad of toilet paper from his pack, drops the pack on the ground, and turns to the hunter nearest him - - CARTER, his driver, who has his back turned.

DIETER
Wait here for me, will ya Carter?

He steps off the path, into the jungle. But as we come around the front of Carter, we see he's wearing a Walkman, the headphones BLARING tinnily in his ears.

119 EXT THICK OF THE JUNGLE DAY

Only a few feet off the path, it's primary forest, the growth so thick that almost all sunlight is obscured. DIETER claws forward until he finds a suitable spot to relieve himself.

He clears away a bunch of leaves and debris and raises his hand to his belt buckle.

He freezes, hearing something we didn't. He glances around, head darting, alert to any danger. Nothing there. Just a few distant ANIMAL CALLS - -

- - and a SCURRYING sound to his left.

Dieter snaps his head in that direction. At first, he sees nothing, but as he moves closer, gun extended in front of him, he sees a small dinosaur, a COMPSOGNATHUS, the same kind that sniffed his boot earlier.

DIETER
It's not polite to - -

He pulls the steel rod out of a loop in his belt and touches it to the compy's back. The blue bolt of electricity CRACKS and dances over the compy's body and it convulses in pain.

DIETER (cont'd)
- - sneak up on people.

The wounded compsognathus scurries back into the jungle, whimpering.

Dieter clambers through the foliage ten or twelve paces, pushes aside two large palm fronds, and steps out into - -

- - more jungle. He stops, puzzled, not sure if he went back or forwards.

He looks behind him. He pauses, recalculating the path he took coming into the jungle, MUTTERING to himself, gesturing with his hands, retracing his steps.

He adjusts his angle slightly to the right and heads off in that direction. But after five or six hard-fought step, he stops again. Still nothing but jungle.

DIETER
HEY!! CARTER! YELL OR SOMETHING, I GOT TURNED AROUND IN HERE!

120 ON THE TRAIL,

Dieter's cries are faint, but audible. The only Marcher near enough to hear him is CARTER, but the Walkman is blaring in his ears.

DIETER (o.s.)
(faintly)
. . . Carter . . . me? . . .

121 IN THE JUNGLE,

Dieter hears that SCURRYING sound again, this time from his right. He adjusts his angle and SCRAPES through the foliage, moving faster and faster.

Panicking, he tries to run, but the roots rise high out of the ground in the jungle, and he trips on one and falls flat on his face.

He looks up. The SCURRYING sound comes again, this time ten times louder than before, like a hundred feet coming at him. Dieter GASPS as something rushes in at him.

He whirls to his right. Whatever it is rushes in from that side as well. And the left. And behind him. Dieter scrambles up into a sitting position - -

- - and laughs. He is surrounded by at least forty compys now, the same as the one he wounded. Slowly, he brings his gun around, to point it at them.

DIETER
Easy - - wait - - one more sec - -

As one, the compys SHRIEK and hurl themselves forward, covering Dieter's body.

Their teeth and claws FLASH as they each try to grab a scrap of his flesh, tearing savagely.

Dieter SCREAMS and flails, waving his arms and legs wildly. Some of the tiny animals lose their grip and sail off, SMASHING into trees or the ground.

But dozens of others hang on, and Dieter falls over backwards, now lying on his back on the ground.

Hysterical, he fights like hell to get to his feet, SCREAMING, shaking, swatting the compy loose.

He spins, and that tactic seems to work, as the compys themselves begin to panic and drop off of him.

But he also loses his grip on his weapon, which goes flying, landing in the thick foliage five or six feet from him.

Losing the attack, the compys turn and dart away en masse, stopping ten yards away from him.

DIETER
Carter?! CARTERCARTERCARTER!

He waits, hoping for someone to call back. But no one does.

The compys, however, turn and regroup, facing him in a line, hopping up and down, CHIRPING and SHRIEKING.

Dieter bounds into the foliage, looking for his gun. But the compys follow him in and he's forced to flee, abandoning his lost weapon.

Ten feet on, he stops, knowing he's screwed without the gun. He turns to face the pursuing compys.

They stop.

Dieter charges them, SHOUTING, waving his arms.

The compys stop. They stare back at him. There is a moment of quiet, then they start to hop again, CHIRPING and SQUEALING.

Dieter, tired of this game, turns and runs away. The compys follow.

122 EXT JUNGLE DAY

ROLAND reaches past NICK, picks up his gun, and SHOUTS to the convoy.

ROLAND
Break's over, move on!

The exhausted marchers drag themselves back to their feet and start to march again. At the rear of the group, someone taps Carter, who is still listening to his music.

Carter gets up, hoists his backpack, and marches away. Behind him, Dieter's pack is left, forgotten, on the jungle trail.

123 EXT DEEP IN THE JUNGLE DAY

DIETER stumbles along, exhausted. He reaches the edge of a stream that runs under the foliage, and his feet slip on the stones. He falls, onto the rocky stream.

DIETER
Carter?! Somebody?! Anybody,
please, I'M IN HERE!!

Behind him, the army of compys pours over the little hill he just crested. They disappear for a moment, down an incline - -

- - and then swarm over his body. In a frenzy of splashing, Dieter shrugs them off and crawls away, through the stream. He gets to his feet but falls again, this time over a log. A geyser of water splashes up in the air behind the log as Dieter

drops out of sight.

The compys leap over the log and disappear from view too, throwing up their own geysers that shoot up into our field of view are pink. And then they're a deep, deep red.

124 EXT JUNGLE DAY

The march continues on, but the angle of the ground beneath the MARCHERS is changing. They're headed down. Toward the interior of the island.

125 EXT JUNGLE DAY

As the MARCHERS stagger on, downward, they hear a terrible GROWLING and SNAPPING from deep in the jungle as some unlucky prey struggles unsuccessfully for its life.

ROLAND pulls his gun around, ever ready. They continue on.

126 EXT ISLAND RIDGE DUSK

The column of MARCHERS has finally reached the island ridge, where they are silhouetted against the setting sun. ROLAND is at the edge of the ridge. From this vantage point, one can see all the way to the far side of the island, a rim of hard black cliff, miles away. Between here and the cliffs there is nothing but gently undulating jungle.

ROLAND
When's the last time anybody saw him?

NICK AND SARAH are in front of him, a look of concern on their faces.

SARAH
An hour ago. Maybe more.

NICK
I'll take a few guys and look for him.

ROLAND
Absolutely not. Christ, Dieter . . .

He thinks, looking around at the exhausted MARCHERS, sprawled out on rocks or over the ground.

ROLAND (cont'd)
All right, we rest here. If he's alive, he'll catch up. If not . . . well, that's that. Nobody tells the little girl. Last thing we need is screaming hysterics.

He refers to one of the satellite recon photos.

ROLAND (cont'd)
The worker village is down in there, about a mile and a half northwest from the base of these cliffs.

SARAH

I'm sure I can find a game trail. Some kind of path that goes down there.

ROLAND
First we eat. Sleep. Two hours. Then we hit it.

127 EXT CAMPSITE NIGHT

The group has made camp in the jungle. The mood is somber, most of the MARCHERS asleep already, the nocturnal jungle HOOTING and BUZZING around them. Three or four tents have been put up.

128 IN ONE TENT,

KELLY is lying on a sleeping bag. MALCOLM is next to her, stroking her hair, talking to her softly.

MALCOLM
I'm not going to let anything happen to you. You know that, don't you? You're the most important thing in my life, Kelly, and I'll do anything for you.

KELLY
Anything?

MALCOLM
In the world.

KELLY
Okay. Marry Sarah.

That wasn't what he had in mind.

KELLY (cont'd)
You know you want to. Nothing else could ever have made you come to this island. Only Sarah. You need an anvil to fall on your head before you get it?

Malcolm just looks at her. Before he can answer, SARAH crawls into the tent.

SARAH
You guys got room for one more?

KELLY
Ask him.

Sarah looks at Malcolm.

MALCOLM
Huh? Uh, yeah. Yeah, of course.

He kisses Kelly on the forehead.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
Stop thinking and get some sleep.
I'll take one more look around camp
and be back in two minutes.

He slips out of the tent. Sarah hangs her overshirt over a bar and notices Kelly is staring at her, smiling.

SARAH
Are you okay?

KELLY
Me? I'm great.

129 AT THE EDGE OF CAMP,

ROLAND, gun slung over his shoulder, gets a boost from AJAY and climbs a tree that's a short distance into the jungle, near the camp.

He finds a comfortable resting place in the branches and settles back, studying the night trees around him

130 IN THE CLEARING,

Malcolm walks across the center of the clearing, listening carefully, studying the jungle trees, trying to sense any danger.

131 UP IN THE TREE,

Roland abruptly sits up, sniffing. He looks around. All the way across the clearing, he notices a thin plume of smoke rising up over the trees, just outside the edge of camp.

ROLAND
Oh, no.

132 IN SARAH'S TENT,

Kelly and Sarah are sleeping lightly. Sarah's shirt hangs over them, swaying in the gentle breeze coming through the open flap.

As the shirt dangles there, swinging softly from side to side, we notice the broad red smear across the front. Oh, that's right - - it's blood.

The baby T-rex's blood.

133 AT THE EDGE OF CAMP,

the thin plume of smoke leads down to a tiny cooking fire that's been lit by DR. BURKE. He's set a small frying pan on top of it. The dinosaur egg he picked up earlier is to the side, cracked in half, and the yoke in the pan, almost cooked, sunny side up.

Roland runs up behind him.

ROLAND
(hisses)
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?!

Burke leaps out of the way as Roland kicks dirt on the fire.

Malcolm comes racing around the corner too, desperate.

MALCOLM
WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK - -?!

He joins Roland, kicking dirt on the fire. They get it out and stand there, chests heaving, listening to the jungle for a moment, to see if its stirred any activity. It's silent.

BURKE
We're okay.

BMBB!

They freeze. What was that?

134 IN SARAH'S TENT,

Sarah and Kelly sit up. They felt it too.

135 AT THE COOKING FIRE,

A recent rain has left puddles scattered around the camp, and impact tremors now create ripples in the puddles - - concentric circles spreading to the outer edges.

MALCOLM
No, we're not.

BMBB!

136 IN SARAH'S TENT,

Sarah and Kelly are frantically sealing up any opened food into ziploc bags.

BMBB!

Now they leap into Sarah's sleeping bag, to seal themselves, and draw the zipper up, all the way around.

Outside, the silhouette of the rex's head passes by the tent. Sarah works faster, her fingers struggling to close the last few inches, but - -

- - the rex head pokes through the flap of the tent. It sniffs, SNORTING the air in and out as it looks around the tent.

It sniffs Sarah's hanging shirt, the one that is stained with the blood of the baby tyrannosaur. The adult tyrannosaur GURGLES again, COOING and cocking its head curiously.

In the sleeping bag, Sarah and Kelly's eyes are barely visible, wide in panic. The rex sniffs and nudges the bag, trying to figure out what this thing is.

It rolls the bag over once, decides it's uninteresting, and then rises, straight up - -

- - taking the whole tent with it! The stakes pop out of the ground as the tent rises high up into the air and flutters away, leaving the sleeping bag fully exposed on the ground beneath it.

137 IN THE CAMPSITE,

Roland and Malcolm are back in the clearing, standing out in the open as Roland tries to draw a bead on the moving rex.

Now panic hits as the sleeping HUNTERS wake up and start to flee in all direction. Malcolm SCREAMS at them.

MALCOLM
FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, DON'T RUN!

The rex turns, to face the fleeing Hunters, and its head is now exposed. Roland, gun to his shoulder, has it right on the bead at the end of his gun sight.

He squeezes the trigger - -

- - and the gun CLICKS.

Roland GASPS. He breaks the gun open and looks at the barrels in astonishment. They're empty.

MALCOLM
YOU DIDN'T LOAD IT?!

ROLAND
OF COURSE I DID!

Malcolm, meanwhile, sees the sleeping bag across the camp, and Sarah and Kelly trying to claw their way out of it. He takes off, running straight toward them, but the wave of flushed prey SLAMS into him, knocking him off his feet.

MALCOLM
KEELLLLLY!

But he is pounded to the ground and trampled under the feet of the fleeing Hunters. He rolls, CRUNCHING into the base of a rock face.

NICK bursts out of the crowed, sees Kelly and Sarah struggling to get out of the sleeping bag, and grabs each by an arm. He rips them to their feet and sweeps them off ahead of him, into the jungle. Sarah scoops up her lucky backpack as they run away.

Now the SECOND TYRANNOSAUR steps out of the jungle. The fleeing Hunters, as one, make a uniform direction change to evade it. The second rex pursues them down a narrow ravine.

The first rex, meanwhile, stands its ground, BELLOWING at Roland, who scrambles across the ground and CLANGS open a metal box, revealing three tranquilizer rifles. A yellow tag screams:

WARNING! VETERINARY TRANQUILIZERS
CONTAIN CONCENTRATED NEVER AGENTS!
USE EXTREME CAUTION!

AT THE EDGE OF CAMP,

Malcolm claws his way up the steep rock face, pulls himself over the top, and leaps to his feet.

IN THE CAMP,

Roland is on his knees, frantically loading one of the tranquilizer guns. He breaks it open, revealing the cartridge bay. But the first rex has him on its mind.

It charges.

Roland works frantically, SNAPPING two tranquilizer dart cartridges into the bay as the rex closes in. It's only forty yards away.

Still fumbling with the cartridges, Roland rolls over into his back. The rex draws closer still, now thirty yards away.

Roland SMACKS the gun shut and raises it to his shoulder. The rex closes to twenty yards, then ten, then it pulls up short and BELLOWS FURIOUSLY, right in Roland's face. Roland closes one eye and draws a bead on it.

ROLAND
Please God work fast.

His finger tightens on the trigger.

138 IN THE RAVINE,

Kelly, in the middle of the fleeing crowd with Sarah and Nick, hears her father screaming her name and looks up. Malcolm is on the rock ridge above them, running alongside.

MALCOLM
KELLY, GET OUT OF THERE!

But Kelly continues to flee, as the SECOND TYRANNOSAUR is in the ravine, and drawing closer to the group.

Some Hunters try to leap up and scale the rocks, but the ravine is deepening, there's no way out. The rex picks up the hunter's VETERINARIAN, who's trailing behind the others. The rex snaps its massive head left and right quickly, to break its victim's neck.

The Veterinarian goes flying forward and crashes into - -

- - CARTER, Dieter's driver, who stumbles and falls. The rest of the fleeing humans run around or over him, but when the rex catches up it STOMPS right down on him. When the rex lifts its foot, we see Carter is actually stuck to the bottom of it - -

- - and when the animal takes its next step it CRUSHES him into the earth.

139 UP ON THE ROCK RIDGE,

Malcolm is frantic. Forsaking better judgment, he leaps out into space, right off the rock face. He drops, fifteen feet, landing hard in the ravine.

140 DOWN IN THE RAVINE,

it's obvious no one is going to outrun the rex, and Nick knows it. HE bursts ahead of Sarah and Kelly and spots something off to his left.

It’s a waterfall, apparently right in front of a sheer rock face. But there’s something about the way the water is falling that tells him something.

NICK
SARAH KELLY COME HERE!

He grabs each of them and hauls them forward, running straight at the waterfall. Apparently, he intends to jump right into the rock, and he’s dragging them along with him.

SARAH
WHAT ARE YOU—

NICK
JUMP!

The three of them spring right at the waterfall and disappear THROUGH the water.

DR. BURKE, fleeing along with everyone else, is watching as they vanish.

141 BEHIND THE WATERFALL,

there is a small recess, which is what Nick had hoped for. It’s only four or five feet deep, but it’s just enough for him, Sarah, and Kelly to cower behind the flowing water. Breathless, terrified, they can here the mayhem outside.

NICK
Shhhh . . . shhh . ..

With an enormous SPLASH, something bursts through the cascading water and crashes into them. It’s BURKE.

BURKE
Get out of the way!

He bulls his way up against the far wall, as far away from the water as he can.

FOOOM! Now another shape bursts through the watery curtain.

A tyrannosaur head. Burke gave away the hiding spot.

The four SCREAM as the rex’s jaws SNAP left and right, searching for them, falling just inches short. They squeeze as far back against the wall as they can get.

The rex can’t quite get its head all the way through the opening, so it uses its tongue. A long, dark blue shape slithers out of its mouth and touches the humans, trying to wrap around them, to pull them out of the cave.

Burke, blind with panic, forces himself even further into the cave, which pushes Kelly further out.

SARAH
STOP YOU’RE PUSHING HER OUT STOP IT!

But Burke doesn’t listen, throwing elbows to make room for himself. His movement dislodge a portion of muddy earth, and flurry of enormous centipedes, eight or nine inches long each, pour out of the wall and swarm over his face and neck.

Burke SCREAMS and instinctively leaps away, toward the flowing water.

And that's all the leverage the rex needs. It curls its tongue, wrapping Burke up in it and pulling him between its teeth. SCREAMING hideously, he is dragged out, through the waterfall, and disappears.

Sarah, Nick, and Kelly stare in horror as the white screen of water turns pink.

The screams fade as Burke is carried off by the rex, but suddenly ANOTHER FIGURE bursts through the flowing water, startling them.

MALCOLM. He throws his arms around Kelly and pulls her tight. He holds onto her as she cries, and he won't let go again. He looks up, over her shoulder, and sees Nick standing there, breathing hard.

MALCOLM
Thank you.

142 IN A JUNGLE CLEARING,

the routed Hunters emerge from the ravine. Ahead of them, there is a large open plain covered by long "elephant" grass.

AJAY, running along with them, stops abruptly at the edge of the grass, SHOUTING to the others.

AJAY
NO! DON'T GO INTO THE LONG GRASS!

But in the frenzy, they ignore him. Ajay, torn between a sense of responsibility and his better judgment, opts for the former and races into the grass after the other Hunter's waving his arms.

FURTHER IN THE GRASS,

the group of Hunters wades into the middle of the long grass. One of them stops and turns, looking back at the jungle trees. The rexes are nowhere to be seen.

HUNTER
They gave up! They're not chasing us!

In the distance, AJAY's VOICE can be heard, faintly calling to them to come back. But in the giddiness of their escape, they pay it no mind. They continue plowing into the high grass.

ABOUT FIFTY YARDS AWAY,

the tops of three animal heads rise up slowly, backlit by the full moon. They glimpse the Hunter party and descend, back into the grass.

BACK WITH THE HUNTERS,

they continue forward, oblivious. Now behind them, four more heads rise up in the grass. And then descend.

On all sides of the Hunters, the grass ripples as animals move forward toward them, undetected, inexorable as torpedoes.

And these torpedoes are on target. One hunter is suddenly dragged down, yanked silently below the surface of the tall grass.

In his place, a long, lizard-like tail rises up as the animal drops its head to make the kill.

Behind him, two more Hunters are taken down, and two more animal tails rise up in their place. A Hunter ahead hears the RUSTLING and turns. His face turns white as, behind him - -

- - a VELOCIRAPTOR springs out of the grass.

Velociraptor runs upright on its powerfully muscled hind legs, the second two of each foot bearing an extra-large curved claw, carried in a retracted position, with which it slashes on attack.

Like now. This raptor SNARLS and SLAMS into the body of the Hunter, taking him down. A feeding frenzy ensues.

The Hunters run in all direction, but are pulled down and vanish into the twitching long grass.

Another raptor enters from the right, leaps high into the air, past the full moon, SLAMS into the chest of more human prey, and takes him down, into the grass.

Behind them, Ajay's face falls, defeated. He looks around, realizing he too is now stranded in the middle of the long grass. Around him, four torpedo trails head straight for him.

Ajay simply closes his eyes.

143 AT THE EDGE OF THE GRASS,

MALCOLM, KELLY, NICK, and SARAH race out of the ravine and reach the edge of the elephant grass. Heedless of the danger within, they plunge inside.

After only ten yards or so, Malcolm stops, hearing something. It's a very familiar SNARL. He whirls. Off to the side, the grass is shivering, quaking.

MALCOLM
Oh, my God.

SARAH
What is it?!

MALCOLM
GO GO AS FAST AS YOU CAN, GO!

He grabs Kelly by the hand and they all take off, running through the tall grass. Behind them, the grasses part and a VELOCIRAPTOR leaps up, SNARLING, its jaws bloodied.

The four Survivors plow ahead, the tall grass slapping at their faces, blinding them. But they stagger on.

Around them, the SNARLS and HISSES of the pursuing raptors come closer and closer, so they run faster and faster, just plunging headlong through the tall grass, until suddenly - -

- - the ground disappears from beneath them.

144 ON THE HILLSIDE,

the Survivors fall down a steep hillside, the foliage tearing and cutting at them. The angle of the slope gets steeper and steeper, they're in a rolling, GRUNTING, and painful free fall.

145 EXT VALLEY OF DEATH NIGHT

The four SURVIVORS roll out at the base of the incline, landing in a series of hard THUDS. They scramble to their feet, but it appears the raptors did not follow them over the edge.

Kelly and Malcolm, the first to their feet, GASP, looking ahead in wonderment. The others all rise and stare.

SARAH
God help us.

They're standing in a flat, sandy area lined with boulders at the sides. The flat area stretches fifty yards side to side and as far as they can see ahead. But that's not what amazes them so.

Everywhere, the sand is dotted with dinosaur skeletons. Some are huge, apatosaurs, sixty feet from head to tail tip. Others are smaller, herbivores of many different kinds.

The more intact skeletons lie on their sides, their ribcages arcs of pale bone. But just as many have been ripped apart, bits of carcass tossed in every direction.

MALCOLM
Look, there it is!

He points. In the distance, at the far end of the streambed, they can see the skeletal remains of the workers village looming in the moonlight.

They start running again, tiny figures moving among the mountainous skeletons by the light of the full moon.

146 EXT RUINED CAMPSITE NIGHT

Back in the ruined campsite, abandoned now, completely destroyed by the fleeing Hunters and the marauding tyrannosaurs, a flap of canvas stirs on the ground.

PETER LUDLOW crawls out from underneath, out of the muddy puddle in which he was hiding. He gets to his feet and looks around in horror, at the devastation.

He turns to his right and stops, freezing in his tracks. His jaws drops open, his eyes widen like saucers - -

- - and then he smiles, an enormous,
delighted, Christmas-morning grin. He walks forward, slowly, toward something we don't see, that grin spreading like fungus across his face.

147 EXT VALLEY OF DEATH NIGHT

As the four exhausted SURVIVORS run through the dinosaur graveyard, Malcolm notices the shapes around them are changing. They're not bones anymore at all, they're

pipes, the animal skeletons now given over to the lifeless remains of manmade objects - - twisted, rotting machinery.

SARAH
We made it!

They hurry over a small rise - -

148 EXT WORKER VILLAGE NIGHT

- - and find themselves at the edge of what was once Isla Sorna's worker village. The size of a football field, the town is divided by a main street that's dotted on both sides by stores, residences, cafes, a gas station.

All the way at the far end is a large, blocky, four-story building. But the town is a mess. The hurricane that hit here must have been ferocious, for everywhere things are smashed, broken, upended.

And the jungle has stepped into the breach, growing up, around, and over everything. Huge root systems snake through the street, making it almost impassable.

MALCOLM
The jungle. It's always ready to return.

Nick points to the four story building that dominates the far end of the street.

NICK
That's gotta be the operations building! The communication center is inside!

A light rain falls as they start down the street, double timing it, headed for the main building. Now only a hundred yards away, they're close enough to read a sign over the door - - "InGen Bioengineering. We Make Your Future." They're almost their when - -

- - a VELOCIRAPTOR jumps onto a fallen tree behind them.

Unaware of the raptor's presence, they keep moving toward the far end of the street. The raptor crouches springs.

It SLAMS into SARAH, the last person in the group, and takes her down. Sarah is thrown forward, into the others, who fall like dominoes.

Sarah rolls away, hard, as the raptor momentarily concentrates on disemboweling her pack, thinking it was part of her.

Sarah starts to get to her feet, but her eyes widen at the sight of a SECOND RAPTOR, this one running straight at her at top speed.

She buries her face in the dirt, covering her head with her hands - -

- - and the raptor's foot SLAMS into the ground between her legs as it bounds over hr and joins the first raptor in the "kill."

Panicked, the group scatters in all directions. Nick rolls onto his feet and sprints toward the main building.

Behind him, a THIRD RAPTOR gives chase, bounding after him with horrifying speed. Nick runs flat-out, but his speed is nothing compared to the raptor's, and it gains on him rapidly.

The walls of a structure of some kind close in around Nick. He leaps across a leather seat and SLAMS a door behind him and we realize he's crawled into the back seat of an abandoned car.

But the car door is thin protection against the charging raptor, which SLAMS into the window, head first. The window spiderwebs, but does not yield. The raptor crumples to the ground.

Nick looks up, through a three inch hole in the middle of the web. The raptor leaps back to its feet and plunges its nose into the tiny hole, thrashing, widening it.

Nick SHOUTS and the animal forces its entire head through the hole, SNAPPING its jaws just short of his face.

He hurls himself over the seat and into the front as the animal penetrates even further into the car, but its torso will not fit through the window opening. It pulls away.

In the front seat, Nick gets some very sad news.

There's no windshield.

The raptor springs up onto the hood, its claws CLATTERING on the sheet metal, and tosses its body through the opening - -

- - just as Nick hurls himself out the door. While the raptor struggles to right itself in the front seat, Nick makes it to the main building, ducks inside, and SLAMS the heavy wooden door.

149 IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET,

Malcolm, holding Kelly behind him, is face to face with a raptor, just ten yards from it. He looks around for some sort of nearby shelter, but there is none.

He sees the main building, maneuvers so he is between it and the raptor, and gives Kelly a shove.

MALCOLM
GO! FOLLOW NICK! I'LL KEEP IT HERE!

KELLY
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?!

MALCOLM
I LOVE YOU, NOW RUN LIKE HELL!

He shoves her, hard, in the direction of the main building, and she takes off running. The raptor lunges in that direction, to pursue her, but Malcolm lunges too, to cut it off, SHOUTING as he does so.

The raptor stops, surprised. Malcolm SCREAMS at it. The raptor cocks its head curiously. Lotta fight in this animal.

Malcolm charges straight at the raptor, SCREAMING, pounding his chest. For about

three seconds, he looks great - -

- - but the raptor doesn't run. Instead, it opens its mouth wide and SNARLS right back.

Malcolm skids to a halt. That was pretty much it for his attack plan. He looks behind him, just in time to see Kelly make it into the main building at the end of the street.

But that's much too far for him now. He darts between the idled gasoline pumps and into the gas station building, closing the door behind him.

The raptor bounds after him, SLAMMING into the door.

Meeting resistance, it bounces off, notices the plate glass window next to the door, and pounces at that. The window SHATTERS and the raptor clings to the ledge, staring inside, its tail hanging out.

Just as it gets inside, Malcolm opens the door and comes back out, keeping the piece of wall between them. The raptor whirls and springs, forcing him back inside, through the door again.

Willing to play along, the raptor turns and jumps through the window again.

150 INT GAS STATION NIGHT

Balancing on the window frame, the raptor HISSES and crouches, ready to spring at Malcolm. Malcolm takes cover behind the door, which is hanging open between them.

The raptor springs into the door, BLASTING it off its hinges, knocking Malcolm right through a window behind him.

But the door SMACKS up against the wall, covering the window, preventing the raptor from following Malcolm out that way.

151 EXT GAS STATION NIGHT

Malcolm flies through the window and CRUNCHES to the ground. He GROANS in agony and rolls off his bad leg, twisted beneath him. He gets up and races toward the main building.

152 INT COMMUNICATIONS ROOM NIGHT

Mushrooms and fungi sprout from the carpet in the town's dusty, vine-hung communications room. On one wall, there is a mural of what the completed Jurassic Park would have looked like. Big hotels, Ford Explorers with tourists leaning out the windows taking pictures, big crowds at the fences around the animal exhibits. But none of it came true, and now even the mural is runny and dust-covered.

Breathless, NICK barges into the room and his eyes fall on a sophisticated radio console that's built into one wall. He races to it and flips switches. He waits, desperate - -

- - and the console glows brightly, all green, red, and yellow as it HUMS to life. Nick SIGHS in relief as MALCOLM and KELLY burst through the door.

MALCOLM
WHERE'S SARAH?!

CUT TO:

153 INT KILN HOUSE NIGHT

High above SARAH, we see she has taken shelter, alone, in a three story kiln house, a windowless shed used for firing pottery and other construction projects. Catwalks lined with heavy chains hang above her, and on the floor below, she turns in circles, wondering that to do now.

From outside the kiln house, she hears SCRATCHING, digging sounds. From the other side of the door comes an animal SNORT, and a small puff of dust and dirt billows up through the crack along the ground.

154 ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR,

the claws of one of the raptors dig furiously, trying to tunnel underneath.

155 INSIDE,

Sarah runs to the opposite wall, falls to her knees, and starts digging a tunnel of her own, clawing frantically a the dirt.

Behind her, the raptor's digging violently, and a rack full of hanging tools sway and CLANKS as it tears at the earth below it.

Sarah digs faster. So does the raptor.

With about eight inches of space under the wall, Sarah grabs hold of the bottom of one of the planks and pries it up as hard as she can. It snaps off with a loud CRACK.

At the door, the raptor stops digging. It's silent for a moment. Sarah has a good foot and half of space under her wall now. She starts to lower her body into it - -

- - JUST AS THE RAPTOR'S CLAWS FLASH THROUGH FROM THE OTHER SIDE!

Sarah falls back, SCREAMING, leaps to her feet, and jumps up, grabbing hold of one of the catwalks above. She starts to climb, up, anywhere up, as the RAPTOR now squirms and thrashes its way inside, coming in through her hole.

Sarah climbs, hauling herself up, leaping from one catwalk to another. The raptor leaps up onto a catwalk as well and follows her.

156 EXT BUILDING NIGHT

A window in the slanted roof of one of the buildings EXPLODES in a shower of glass as SARAH kicks through it and climbs outside. She reaches the edge of the roof and leaps to the roof of the next building.

She lands at the peak of the intersection of the two sides of sloping roof. As she pulls herself up - -

- - the RAPTOR appears on the rooftop behind her. In full stride, it leaps, sails over her, and lands on the roof ahead of her.

Sarah swings to her left and starts to crawl down the slope, away from the raptor. Suddenly the roof board under her SPLINTERS and CRACKS under her weight. The whole section pulls up and starts to slide off the roof. Sarah, clinging to it, rides the roof planks down, away from the raptor.

She looks over her shoulder, down - -

- - and sees ANOTHER RAPTOR, waiting for her on roof of the building below.

Sarah quickly rolls off the sliding section of roof, which keeps falling. The raptor below jumps up, just in time to get WHACKED in the head by it.

Sarah tries to cling to the Spanish tile roof, fingers and nails slipping on the slick ceramic surface. She slides all the way to the edge, grabs hold of the gutter, and dangles there, suspended above one raptor and trapped below another.

The raptor above works its way down. The one below leaps up, at her dangling legs. She has to lift them in time with its jumps, to avoid losing her feet. This can't go on for long.

Desperate, she pulls one of the Spanish tiles up from the roof and hurls it at the raptor below. It hits the animal in the head, for all the good that does.

But Sarah keeps on, pulling and throwing more tiles. She edges to the right, toward a fresh supply. The raptor above edges even closer, claws CLICKING on the slick roof.

As Sarah pulls the loose tiles free, the ones above slide down, to take their place. Suddenly an avalanche of loose tiles breaks loose the footing underneath the raptor disintegrates. It slides to the edge amid the tumbling tiles.

Sarah, seeing it coming, swings in close to the building, hugging it as closely as she can. The raptor falls off the roof, right past her - -

- - and CRUNCHES into the raptor below. Both animals SNARL and attack one another.

Now Sarah, her grip exhausted, falls too, landing right next to the enraged animals. They fight and roll, RIGHT OVER HER.

She GROANS and hugs the wood below her, the raptors continue to thrash and bite, they roll back, toward her, she rolls out of their way - -

- - and plunges through a hole in the roof

157 INT LAB NIGHT

Sarah falls through the roof of deserted laboratory and lands in the tray of an old-fashioned hanging fluorescent light fixture.

One end of the fixture's support SNAPS, it drops at a 45 degree angle, Sarah slides out the other end and CRASHES through a window.

158 EXT STREET NIGHT

Sarah lands in the mud in the street below. Something reaches down and GRABS her immediately - -

- - but it's only MALCOLM. He pulls her to her feet just as a sudden ROAR comes from above them. They look up and their faces are bathed in a brilliant white light that frightens them at first, until they realize - -

159 EXT MAIN STREET NIGHT

- - it’s the ROAR of a helicopter, and the white light is its searchlight. A few minutes have gone by, the helicopter is now one of the several, and its light is trained on SARAH, NICK, MALCOLM, and KELLY as they are loaded aboard the big Sikorsky that hovers just over the roof of the main building.

Two more helicopters circle the little town, CREW MEMBERS pointing automatic weapons out of the cargo bays. All three aircraft are emblazoned with the InGen logo. Malcolm SHOUTS over the prop wash, to one of the INGEN WORKERS loading him aboard.

MALCOLM
WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?! THERE MUST BE MORE SURVIVORS!

INGEN WORKER
ANOTHER CHOPPER’S GETTING THEM! GET ABOARD! I GOTTA GET YOU OUT OF HERE, NOW!

Malcolm helps Kelly into the helicopter, then finally climbs aboard himself. The InGen worker SLAMS the door, SLAPS the helicopter twice, and it rises up into the air.

Down in the streets, a few STRAGGLER SURVIVORS are waving madly, HUNTERS who survived the attack in the long grass. The streets of the worker village, so long deserted are once again crawling with InGen personnel.

160 INT HELICOPTER NIGHT

NICK is slumped against the far wall of the chopper, drained. MALCOLM has one arm around KELLY, the other around SARAH. Kelly had buried her face in Malcolm’s shoulder and is crying softly.

MALCOLM
Shhh . . . it’s okay . . . it’s over now . . . it’s over.

Nick reaches into his pocket and pulls out two long, unmistakable rifle slugs.

He’s the one who unloaded Roland’s gun.

NICK
There’s one trophy they won’t be taking with them.

Sarah turns and looks out the window, for one last glance at the island. But what she sees practically sucks her forward, right through the glass.

SARAH
Oh, my God.

The others look up.

Sarah lunges across the helicopter, to the other window, for a better look. Whatever it is, she sees it there too.

SARAH (cont’d)
Oh, my God, no!

The others move, to see what she sees.

161 OUT THE WINDOW,

the helicopter is passing over the ruined campsite. In the middle of the clearing, there is a profusion of work lights that light up the area, bright as daylight. A dozen InGen WORKERS are down there, and two other helicopters circle the area in anticipation.

The focus of all this attention is the TRANQUILIZED T-REX. It's lying on its side, unconscious, as half a dozen workers pull a tarp up over it. One of the waiting helicopters is lowering a giant girdle into place, a harness they will use to lift the sedated beast.

They GASP and look beyond it, to the shore of the island. A huge barge, lit up like an oil platform at night, is steaming toward the island. Ready to transport heavy cargo.

162 BACK IN THE HELICOPTER,

Sarah and the others are shocked, appalled.

MALCOLM
We've lost.

CUT TO:
163 EXT RUINED CAMPSITE NIGHT

Down on the ground, there is an intense amount of activity around the felled tyrannosaur, now completely covered except for its head.

An INGEN WORKER is checking the animal's condition, peering into its big, sightless eye.

PETER LUDLOW gives orders to two more INGEN WORKERS. They have to raise their voices to be heard over the drone of the helicopters overhead.

LUDLOW
Find the infant tyrannosaur, Roland can show you where the nest it! I want it on the jet with me, I'll take it directly to the infirmary at the complex in San Diego! Move it, we have to be airborne before the female knows we're here!

ROLAND is standing a short distance away, not looking quite as triumphant as one might expect. Ludlow goes to him and extends a hand.

LUDLOW (cont'd)
You probably saved InGen. We lost everything we came after on this trip, but that rex and its infant are going to single-handedly bail us out of chapter 11.

ROLAND
Congratulations.

LUDLOW
You're got your prize. But it's alive, and everyone on the planet's going to line up to see it!
(noticing Roland's solemnity)
What's the matter?

ROLAND
Ajay. He didn't make it.

LUDLOW
I'm sorry. Really I am.

Roland just nods.

LUDLOW (cont'd)
I remember the people who helped me, Roland. There's a job for you at the park in San Diego, if you want it.

ROLAND
No. Not for me.

He reaches up and takes off his hat.

ROLAND (cont'd)
I believe I have spent enough time in the company of death.

He turns and walks away, head bowed, toward one of the waiting helicopters.

From over the rex, the InGen Worker SHOUTS to Ludlow

INGEN WORKER
IT STOPPED BREATHING!!

Ludlow races over, concerned. The Worker shows the two darts stuck in the animal's neck.

INGEN WORKER (cont'd)
He used two darts! This is concentrated Carfentanil, if you give anything more than ten milligrams you'll kill it!

LUDLOW
What do we do?!

INGEN WORKER
You have to give it something to counteract the effects! Naltrexone, I think, I'm not sure!

LUDLOW
How much?!

INGEN WORKER
I don't know, I'm not a veterinarian!

LUDLOW
THE VETERINARIAN IS DEAD, AND THIS THING IS DYING! NOW HOW MUCH?!

INGEN WORKER
Five hundred milligrams?!

LUDLOW
Do it!

The Worker SMACKS open a case filled with bottles of concentrated tranquilizers and their antagonists. He hurriedly fills a syringe with a clear-colored liquid and injects it into the rex's massive neck.

They step back in anticipation, not knowing exactly what to expect. For a moment, nothing happens. And then, the massive tarp in front of them rises slowly as the giant animal takes a breath.

The dirt in front of its nostrils PUFFS into the air and it resumes normal breathing.

That enormous, stilled tyrannosaur head dissolves slowly over

DISSOLVE TO:
164 EXT SAN DIEGO SKYLINE NIGHT

- - red anti-collision lights that blink atop the skyscrapers of downtown San Diego, shrouded in fog. It's very late and there aren't many lights on as we fly over the ocean, toward the city. PETER LUDLOW's VOICE guides us in.

LUDLOW (v.o.)
Fifteen years ago, John Hammond had a dream. Like John himself, the dream was grand, it was outsized, it was bold and impractical. And it was not to be.

We draw closer to the shoreline. Up ahead, there is an enormous waterfront complex, brightly lit up with work lights. Two tall cranes tower over the loading docks and an enormous flatbed truck waits between them, ready to offload cargo.

On the bed of the truck is a large cage, designed with heavy security in mind. It's got lights all over it, triple reinforced bars, and tranquilizer ports where rifles have been fitted into place, pointing at every corner of the cage.

LUDLOW (v.o.)
Well, half an hour from now, John Hammond's dream, re-imagined through your new InGen leadership, will become reality.

There are at least fifty people crowed around the dock - - HANDLERS, LOADERS, CRANE OPERATORS, and SECURITY GUARDS. PETER LUDLOW himself is standing at a dais, addressing two dozen INGEN EXECUTIVES and STOCKHOLDERS who have turned up at this ungodly hour.

LUDLOW (cont'd)
For one one-hundreath the cost of

building a destination resort
thousands of miles away, tonight we
christen Jurassic Park San Diego,
featuring an mega-attreaction that will drive turnstile numbers to rival any theme park in the world. And in just thirty minutes, all of you who were intrepid enough to turn up at three in the morning will - -

The HARBOR MASTER, an anxious man wearing a radio headset, is standing at the edge of the podium, trying to get Ludlow's attention.

LUDLOW
(cont'd)
(to the crowed)
Excuse me.

He steps off the podium and leans over the Harbor Master, who WHISPERS urgently to him.

HARBOR MASTER
The ship. It's here.

LUDLOW
It's early?

HARBOR MASTER
It's - - you'd better come look.

Grinning a politician's grin, Ludlow makes a "Just one minute!" gesture to the crowd and walks off, with the Harbor Master.

As they approach the Harbor Master's shack, Ludlow sees a car pull up outside the security fence. MALCOLM and SARAH ge out, but a SECURITY GUARD immediately stops them, preventing the from entering.

GUARD
I'm sorry, this is private property,
I'm going to have to - -

LUDLOW
It's all right, I invited them.
(to Malcolm and Sarah)
The loyal opposition, eh? Come on
in. I was hoping you'd want to see
this.

The Harbor Master is still dogging Ludlow, very anxious.

HARBOR MASTER
Sir, you need to look at this.

165 INT HARBOR MASTER'S SHACK NIGHT

LUDLOW hurries to the Harbor Master's shack. The HARBOR MASTER slips back behind his console and points to his radar screen.

HARBOR MASTER
Look, that's their transponder
signal, "Venture 5888." They're
headed into port, but I can't raise

them.

LUDLOW
Try again.

He plugs his radio headset back into the console as MALCOLM and SARAH come into the shack. The ship's engines are faintly audible, somewhere out at sea.

HARBOR MASTER
Skipper S.S. Venture, this is InGen Harbor Master, do you copy, over?

They look out the glass windows of the Harbor Master's shack. Outside, all they can see is a wreath of fog hanging over the ocean. Somewhere beyond it, the ship is approaching, the THROB of its engines growing louder.

HARBOR MASTER (cont'd)
Skipper S.S. Venture, you are approaching the breakwater at flank speed, reduce at once! Over.

From somewhere out in the fog over the ocean, there is a muffled GROANING, CRASHING sound. The assembled CROWD MUTTERS with concern, some get to their feet.

HARBOR MASTER (cont'd)
S.S VENTURE, THIS IS INGEN HARBOR MASTER, YOU ARE ENTERING A DOCKING AREA AT TWENTY-SIX KNOTS, MAKE YOUR ENGINES FULL REVERSE, REPEAT, YOU ARE ENTERING - -

He stops in the middle of his sentence, staring out the window. Now the CHURN of the boat's engines is almost on top of them.

THROUGH THE WINDOW,

they see the S.S. Venture, the cargo barge that was approaching Isla Sorna as they left, burst through the wreath of fog, headed straight for InGen loading dock.

At full speed.

166 EXT DOCK NIGHT

Panic reigns. The assembled crowd has maybe nine seconds to get the hell out of there before the ship crashes right into the dock, and they put it to good use. EXECUTIVES, ANIMAL HANDLERS, SECURITY PERSONNEL - - everybody leaps to their feet and takes off, running every which way.

MALCOLM, SARAH, LUDLOW, and the HARBOR MASTER come spilling out of the shack and take cover as best they can.

167 OUT ON THE OCEAN,

the S.S. Venture drowns the "No Wake" buoys with its enormous wake, it swamps two smaller boats, and it cuts a huge anchored yacht right in half as it homes in on its destination - - the InGen port.

168 ON THE DOCK,

the last of the people are just diving out of the way as the S.S. Venture plows into the head of the pier. With a horrible SCREECHING and SNAPPING of metal and lumber, a good seventy-five yards of the pier is ripped in half.

The bow of the ship hits a transformer and the power on the dock blows in a great blue CRACK, plunging everything into semi-darkness.

The big boat smashes and crashes its way through the Harbor Master's shack, the crane trucks, the flatbed, the special cage, and anything else in its way before it GROANS to a halt.

For a moment, it just looms there, a towering, terrifying ghost ship. Then, one of the dock, HEADS start to peek out of the hiding places.

169 EXT DECK OF SHIP NIGHT

MORE HEADS pop the edge of the ship's deck as GUARDS climb a ladder and jump on board. The first Two Guards carry large flashlights which they swing around the deck, looking for some kind of explanation.

GUARD
Oh, my God.

He drops his hands onto his knees, breathing hard. Whatever he sees is horrible. One by one, the people who climb aboard the ghost ship stop, horrified looks on their faces, and clap their hands to their mouths.

Now MALCOLM, SARAH, and LUDLOW climb aboard the ship.

LUDLOW
What the hell happened?! Where's the crew?!

GUARD
(sickened)
All over the place.

They make their way slowly across the deck, which is streaked with blood and shadowy shapes that may be body parts. Giant shackles and restraining devices lie in fragments, the girdle that was used to lift the rex off the ground on the island is torn to shreds.

MALCOLM
We've got to get off this boat!

SARAH
(to Ludlow)
What is God's name have you done?!

MALCOLM
We've got to get off this boat RIGHT NOW.

LUDLOW
Check the cargo hold! Maybe the crew's hiding down there!

Midships, two heavy steel doors are built into the deck, covering the hold below. The door lie loose, bent and damaged. The Guard reach for the winches to open them.

MALCOLM
NO! DON'T TOUCH THE—

With a deafening CLANG, both cargo doors fly up and CRASH down on the deck of the ship/ Guards sail into the air, thrown back by the enormous door.

Ludlow and the others cower as the furious BELOW comes from beneath them, amplified and echoing in the steel belly of the ship.

The TYRANNOSAUR springs up from below deck, landing on the deck in front of them. It ROARS once, furiously, and people scatter in every direction, some cowering behind equipment, other leaping overboard.

But the rex isn't interested in them, just in getting off this damned ship. It bounds forward, four or five quick strides, leaps once - -

170 EXT DOCK NIGHT

- - and lands nimbly on the dock below. IT strides forward, crushing flat any chairs and crates that fall underfoot.

171 EXT DECK OF SHIP NIGHT

Malcolm, Sarah, and Ludlow rush to the edge of the ship's deck and stare down.

Below them, the T-rex walks right through the security fence that runs around the perimeter of the InGen waterfront complex. In the darkness of the wharf area, it is just an ominous silhouette as it walks right out of there, headed toward the skyline of the city in the distance.

Malcolm looks at Ludlow.

MALCOLM
Now you're John Hammond.

172 EXT WATERFRONT AREA NIGHT

Stomping forward and through another security fence, the T-rex knocks over a large wooden sign:

WELCOME TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

That, in turn, knocks over another sign:

No Fruits, Vegetables, or Animals
Beyond This Point

CUT TO:
173 EXT DOCK NIGHT

On the darkened dock, PEOPLE are getting the hell out of there. Engines ROAR to life as some split in their cars, others just run for it. PETER LUDLOW is staring, numbed, at the ruination of his dream. MALCOLM and SARAH confront him.

SARAH
WHY THE HELL WASN'T IT TRANQUILIZED?!

LUDLOW

We did! It was! Centenfani, or something . . .

He staggers over to the cage that was built to contain the rex, which is now twisted wreck.

SARAH
Carfentanil? That's impossible, it would have slept for days!

LUDLOW
Something else too, to get it breathing again, maybe we used too much, I don't know. Oh, my God . . .

He tugs at one of the tranquilizer rifles that were fitted into ports of the side of the cage.

SARAH
You administered an antagonist without knowing the proper dosage?! You put the animal in a narcoleptic state, that thing's a locomotive now! If we don't get it back here - -

MALCOLM
Are there any other animals on the boat?

LUDLOW
N-no. We brought the infant back on the plane.
(still tugging at rifle)
We had these . . . to tranquilize it . . .

SARAH
You have the infant?!
(to Malcolm)
What do you think?!

MALCOLM
(getting it)
Maybe. Maybe . . .

SARAH
There's no reason to think it wouldn't, it came when we brought the baby to the trailers, didn't it?!
(to Ludlow)
Where is it?

Ludlow finally pulls the tranquilizer rifle free.

LUDLOW
We were prepared. See? Prepared.

Sarah yanks the rifle away and grabs him.

SARAH

We have about five minutes to get that thing back on this boat before it and a lot of innocent people get killed! Now answer me - - WHERE IS THE BABY REX?!

CUT TO:

174 INT BENJAMIN's BEDROOM NIGHT

A little boy (Benjamin) lies asleep in bed. A few toy dinosaurs are scattered around the shelves of his room. The image of the little boy shimmers, as through water. A goldfish swims past him and we get it - - we're looking through his fish tank. Suddenly, the water in the fish tank seems to vibrate.

BMBB! The water vibrates again.

BMBB! Benjamin sits up in bed.

BMBB! Benjamin is concerned.

BENJAMIN
Daddy?

No answer. Benjamin sits up further, pulling the sheets up around him. Outside, a dog starts BARKING furiously. Benjamin looks across the room. The drapes are hanging open in front of both of his windows, affording a second-story view of the yard beyond, and the full moon up in the sky.

BENJAMIN (cont'd)
Shoot.

He gets out of bed. He walks slowly across the floor, toward the window. He reaches the first and pulls the drapes shut with one quick, scared, little-boy tug.

Whew. Only one to go. He reaches for the drapes that hang open in front of his second window, his hand is just about there, when - -

- - the TYRANNOSAUR walks past the window. Its big, boxy head is right at second story height, and it fills the entire window as it glides past silently.

Benjamin freezes, his hand shaking in midair. In spite of himself, he leans forward, to look at the window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW,

he sees the barking dog, a nasty, ugly pit bull chained in the doorway of its doghouse ("REX" is the name painted on the house). To the right of that, across the yard, he sees the tyrannosaur, bent over the family's swimming pool.

It drinks like a bird, sucking up a mouthful of water, then straightening to let it fall down its throat.

Rex (the dog) continues to BARK at the intruder.

Rex (the dinosaur) turns and looks at Rex (the dog). He finds him irritating. But the dog keeps barking, straining to its chain, dragging its doghouse closer and closer.

Upstairs, Benjamin turns and darts away from the window. The tyrannosaur leans

down, toward the dog. When it straightens up, it's got the whole doghouse in its mouth.

175 INT BENJAMIN'S PARENTS' ROOM NIGHT

As the barking stops outside, Benjamin's MOM and DAD are fast asleep. BENJAMIN shakes his dad frantically.

BENJAMIN
Dad! Dad!

Benjamin's Dad rolls over, blinking sleep out of his eyes.

BENJAMIN (cont'd)
There's a dinosaur in our back yard!

176 INT BENJAMIN'S ROOM NIGHT

BENJAMIN drags his MOM and DAD back into his bedroom, over their sleepy protests.

DAD
Okay, Benjamin, okay, we're coming, we're coming. Where is it?

BENJAMIN
There.

They all look out Benjamin's window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW,

they see the tyrannosaur, chewing the remains of its midnight snack.

Rex the dog is gone, but its chain breaks between the tyrannosaur's teeth and the doghouse falls, SHATTERING on the patio.

IN THE BEDROOM,

Benjamin, his Mom, and his Dad all leap back, away from the window. Benjamin's mom SCREAMS her lungs out, a strange, high-pitched scream that sounds vaguely familiar.

OUTSIDE,

the tyrannosaur hears the screams and turns its head sharply. Something in the mother's wail rings a bell with it too - - it sounds like its baby's cries did, back on the island.

IN BENJAMIN'S BEDROOM,

they are scrambling to get out the door when the ENTIRE TYRANNOSAUR HEAD CRASHES THROUGH THE WALL.

The humans freeze, terrified, stuck in the doorway, as the head pokes in, looks around, takes a few good SNORTS to scent them all - -

- - and then withdraws, leaving a gaping hole in the side of the house.

Benjamin's Mom and Dad are paralyzed with fear, but Benjamin runs forward, to the edge of the hole for one last look.

OUTSIDE,

the tyrannosaur lumbers away, across the back yard, tripping motion sensor lights and enraging house pets as it goes.

CUT TO:
177 INT AMPHITHETRE NIGHT

Sarah's car ROARS into a nearly finished amphitheatre in the InGen complex. The real-life version of the model Ludlow showed in the board room. It resembles a modern gladiator arena, with large signs that advertise JURASSIC PARK SAN DIEGO. There's still construction equipment scattered around the earthen floor. The car skids to a stop in a cloud of dirt and MALCOLM and SARAH leap out.

MALCOLM
There it is!

There is a row of cages under the raked seating areas, and only one of those cages is finished and lit. They run over to it and throw open the door.

178 IN THE CAGE,

the BABY TYRANNOSAUR is asleep on a bed of straw in one corner of the cage. Sarah drops down next to it and lifts one of its eyelids. Its pupil is enormous, and the eye doesn't move.

SARAH
It's heavily sedated. Give me a hand.

Together, they carry the infant out of the cage.

179 AT THE CAR,

Malcolm puts the top down as Sarah loads the still-sleeping baby into the back seat.

SARAH
How are we going to find the adult?

Malcolm leaps into the driver's seat.

MALCOLM
Follow the screams.

180 EXT SUBURBAN STREET NIGHT

A grown man SCREAMS in terror. And well he should, for the adult TYRANNOSAUR is standing right in the middle of an intersection in a suburban neighborhood near the waterfront. The intersection has four corners with a 7-11, a Starbucks, a Mercedes dealership, and a movie theater:

Midnight Horror Marathon!
"Banquet of Blood"
"Blood Feast" &
"Blood Blood Blood"

Screaming Man is behind the wheel of his car, looking up at the giant beast, which ROARS down at him in response. The man slams his car into reverse and hits the gas,

he he SMASHES into another car, headed toward him.

Two more oncoming cars swerve wildly to avoid the rex and join the pileup in the street. The terrified DRIVERS leap out and flee.

Next to the rex's head, the spotlight changes from green to red, which draws its attention. It turns, chomps down on the hanging light, and snaps its head, ripping the cable out of the power pole.

Sparks fly from the top of the power pole, stinging the animal. With one swipe of its massive head, the rex SNAPS the pole right off at the base and it bangs down into the street.

Power wires SNAP and fly like hair in the wind, tracing wild, sparking paths across the night sky. The lights flash and go out in every building on the corner.

A CITY BUS comes careening around the corner, starling to rex, which sets its feet and swipes its head, SMASHING into the side of the bus.

INSIDE THE BUS,

every window on that side SHATTERS and the terrified PASSENGERS lunge to the other side.

The bus, spinning out of control, SLAMS into the side of a building.

IN THE STREET,

the doors of the movie theater burst open and POT HEADS and MIDNIGHT MOVIE FREAKS who have heard the chaos come spilling out into the street. The rex turns and looks at them.

Ah. Game.

The rex BELLOWS at the crowd, which flushes them, sending them running for their lives, the other way down the street.

But the rex doesn't give chase. The terrified Moviegoers swarm down the block, a stampede. They reach the fallen power pole and leap over it, momentarily losing track of the rex, as we do.

Suddenly, the rex steps out from between two buildings and appears in front of them, cutting off the herd of fleeing prey. The humans scatter, all except for one UNLUCKY BASTARD who hesitates a split second too long, caught in the middle.

The rex snaps up the Unlucky Bastard and BANGS him down onto the asphalt, killing him. It SNAPS at one ore two more humans, but halfheartedly, mostly just to run them off and keep them away from its kill.

It's just lowering its head to start eating when suddenly it stops, standing perfectly still. The street around it is quiet now, the people have fled, the ARCING of the power wires is the only sound. The rex tilts its head to the side - -

- - and SNIFFS. Just once, almost delicately, as if sampling the night air. It smells something. It looks to its left. In the distance, over the top of a building, it can see the headlights of a single car approaching.

181 EXT/INT CAR NIGHT

MALCOLM drives, SARAH is in the back seat of the car, holding onto the sedated BABY REX. The top is down and they're headed straight toward the scene of all the chaos, past fleeing MOVIEGOERS.

MALCOLM
Make it cry or something!

SARAH
It won't!

MALCOLM
The adult's never going to hear it!

Sarah prods the baby, but for once it's sleeping peacefully.

SARAH
Come on, WAKE UP!

Malcolm turns and looks back at hr as he races down the street, toward the rex's intersection.

MALCOLM
It's not gonna know we have it if the thing won't cry!!

Sarah's eyes, looking past Malcolm, pop wide open.

SARAH
IT KNOWS!

Malcolm turns, just in time to see - - - - the ADULT TYRANNOSAUR, straddling the intersection in front of them.

Malcolm SHOUTS, slams the brakes, spins the wheel, and pulls the emergency brake, all at once. The car skids toward the rex, spinning around in a one eighty as it goes.

Sarah, in the back of the car, SCREAMS as she is now sliding straight toward the rex's teeth - -

- - Malcolm pops off the brake and JAMS down the gas pedal -- -

- - the rex lunges - -

- - and the car SQUEALS away as the rex's teeth CLICK shut on the air just behind the rear wheels.

182 EXT WATERFRONT DRIVE NIGHT

The car SCREAMS around a corner and onto the Waterfront Drive, the road that runs along the harbor area, headed toward the InGen dock, now visible in the distance.

MALCOLM
IS IT BEHIND US?! IS IT THERE?!

Sarah looks back. The TYRANNOSAUR strides around the corner and onto Waterfront Drive, EXPLODING right through a Calvin Klein billboard as it continues the chase.

SARAH
Yes.

Malcolm barrels through an intersection just as three police cars, SIRENS screaming, ROAR through in front of him. He has to swerve to avoid them, and he careens up onto the sidewalk, where he SMASHES through a row of garbage cans.

Malcolm hauls it back onto the street quickly, but their decrease in speed has allowed the T-rex to close the gap. The COPS tumble out of their cars, unable to believe their own eyes.

Now only a few steps behind the car, the rex bends down and CHOMPS into the rear of the vehicle, picking it up by its trunk.

Sarah and Malcolm SCREAM, the rear wheels SPIN and WHINE uselessly (rear wheel drive, wouldn't you know it) and the rex snaps its head from left to right.

MALCOLM
JUMP!

He and Sarah (still clutching the baby) leap out of the car just as the rex flings it into the road where it lands upside down, skidding to a stop on its roof.

The two humans scramble to their feet and race toward the boat on foot, while the rex pounces on the car and rips out the undercarriage.

Malcolm and Sarah, now carrying the baby between them, run flat out, toward the boat in the distance.

The rex discovers that neither the humans nor its baby are still in the car. It looks up, and it spots them racing away, down Waterfront Drive. It is about to give chase - -

- - when three police helicopters ROAR over the tops of the waterfront buildings. Their searchlights grab the rex and hold him. He stares up at the helicopters in confusion,
he SNAPS at them. He looks down, at the pools of light that move around his feet, and tries to STOMP on them.

183 EXT INGEN DOCK

PETER LUDLOW stands on the deserted InGen dock, screaming into a cellular phone.

LUDLOW
TELL THEM TO SHOOT IT, YOU
UNDERSTAND, SHOOT THE ADULT, BUT
GET THE BABY BACK ALIVE! FIND
MALCOLM AND HARDING AND - -

He sees Malcolm and Sarah race onto the dock, carrying the infant, and start to climb the ladder on the side of the S.S. Venture.

LUDLOW (cont'd)
NEVER MIND!

He hangs up the phone and takes off after them. By the time he reaches the ship they've already made it over the top and onto the deck.

Ludlow starts up the ladder, rung by rung. In the distance, the ROARING

helicopters draw closer. But Ludlow, single-minded, continues on, to the top of the ladder.

184 EXT DECK OF SHIP NIGHT

LUDLOW climbs over the railing of the ship, just in time to see MALCOLM and SARAH leap off the other side and hear them SPLASH into the sea below.

LUDLOW
Hey! What did you do with it?!
They've got the adult cornered and
I want that infant, you hear me?!

He runs to the opposite rail, but sees only the darkened sea below. From below deck, he hears the CRYING of the infant rex. He races over and looks down, into the hold, where he sees the animal, cowering in a corner.

LUDLOW (cont'd)
Thank God.

In the distance, the DRONE of helicopters grows steadily louder. Ludlow climbs down, into the hold.

185 IN THE HOLD,

Ludlow reaches the baby rex and tries to lift it, over its CRIES and thrashings.

LUDLOW
Come on, for God's sake, just get
up already - -!

Above, there is a loud THUD and the entire boat lurches. Ludlow almost loses his balance, but catches himself.

LUDLOW (cont'd)
The hell?

He looks up, through the open cargo hatch - -

- - and the adult TYRANNOSAUR'S HEAD moves into view, lit by the distant searchlights of the approaching helicopters. The baby rex looks up and SQUEAKS excitedly. The adult rex COOS and GURGLES back.

Ludlow just stands there, scared shitless. The adult rex lowers its head down, into the hold. Ludlow freezes - -

- - and the rex BUMPS him with its head, knocking him over, toward the baby. Ludlow lands hard, CRUNCHING to the floor.

Now the adult leans down and nudges the baby, bumping it over toward Ludlow, like a matchmaker.

LUDLOW
(hysterical)
WHAT WHAT WHAT D-DO YOU - -

But the baby understands. It gets up and toddles over to Ludlow excitedly. Ludlow scrambles to his feet. They baby runs toward him, so he turns and runs away.

But in an instant, the adult brings its head down, knocking Ludlow to the ground. Then it raises its head again. Watching. Waiting.

Ludlow gets up again and tries to run, but the adult strikes, knocking him over again.

Ludlow tries to crawl away on all fours. The adult bends down and closes its jaws around one of his legs. It bites down decisively and the bone breaks with a dry SNAP. Ludlow HOWLS in pain, unable to move, and the baby toddles forward eagerly. It leaps up, onto his chest, and opens its jaws wide.

Peter Ludlow SCREAMS.

186 EXT DOCK NIGHT

MALCOLM and SARAH crawl out of the ocean and pull themselves back up onto the dock at the base of the boat, soaked and breathless.

Above them, there are now half a dozen helicopters that have found the rex and are hovering over it, shining their spotlights down on it.

MALCOLM
Oh God.

Doors slide open on the sides of the helicopters and RIFLEMEN appear, training their weapons on the animal below.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
They're going to kill it.

Sarah, frantic, sees the wreckage of the cage that was designed to hold the rex. She runs to it and picks up the tranquilizer gun that Ludlow wrenched free earlier.

ON THE HELICOPTERS,

the riflemen raise their weapons and train it on the beast below.

ON THE BOAT,

the rex ROARS up at the noisy flying machines in anger and desperation.

AND DOWN BELOW,

Sarah raises the tranquilizer rifle, sighting in on the rex's neck as it BELLOWS skyward, a cry of rage and confusion.

Sarah pulls the trigger.

187 IN MIDAIR,

a single tranquilizer dart FOOMS out of the barrel of the gun in ultra-slow motion. First, the slender thread of its silver needle appears, then the translucent container that carries the solution itself, and finally, tiny, multi-colored feathers pop up and brace for flight as they emerge from the gun.

188 EXT OPEN SEA DAY

CLOSE on two hands, holding each other tightly. They're MALCOLM and SARAH'S hands, and they're standing at a railing of some kind. Sarah is looking at him, smiling.

MALCOLM
What?

SARAH
I was just thinking. After everything you said about John Hammond and his dream - - we're the ones who're going to make it come true, aren't we?

Pulling back, we see the railing is in fact the bow of a ship, an ocean barge. On the open deck is the huge shape of the tranquilized TYRANNOSAUR, covered with a tarp and secured at every possible point with braces and shackles. The canvas rises and falls with the animal's every breath. Next to the adult is the much smaller, but equally sedated and secured form of the BABY REX.

MALCOLM
Brace yourself, Sarah.

Pulling back even further, we see the barge is not along on the ocean. There are three COAST GUARD SHIPS escorting it, two on either side and one behind.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
Things are about to get weird.

And even further back, we see TWO HUGE NAVY CRUISERS, escorting the escorts.

The animals are contained. But the word is out.

FADE OUT.